The Outlook

JULY 28, 1920

THE DEMOCRATS AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

APPARENTLY the Democratic party has acquiesced in President Wilson's determination to make the acceptance of the League of Nations practically as it stands the chief issue in the campaign. This was first shown by the Democratic platform. It is now indicated by the announcement of Mr. Cox, the Democratic candidate. It is true that Mr. Cox has suggested two reservations, but they are both general in terms, and undertake only to interpret, not to change, the meaning of the Covenant. After calling upon the President at the White House, Mr. Cox gave out this statement:

> From every view-point the meeting was delightful. The President was at his best, recalling any detail inquired about as bearing upon the international situation and enlivening the whole conference with a humorous anecdote now and then in his old-time characteristic way. We are agreed as to the meaning and sufficiency of the Democratic platform and the duty of the party in the face of threatened bad faith to the world in the name of America. His thought is still of the war and the pledges we gave to those who sacrificed. One easily sees that as the leader of the Nation who asked for our sons and our resources upon a very distinct understanding and obligation he is resolved that the faith shall be kept. To this his thought and life are dedicated. What he promised I shall, if elected, endeavor with all my strength to give.

This seems to be a strong indorsement of President Wilson's course and purpose. And the impression that Governor Cox intends to adopt Mr. Wilson's policy on the League of Nations is confirmed by the statement made at the same time by the President, as follows:

> The interview was in every respect most satisfactory and gratifying. I found, what I indeed already knew and what Governor Cox has let the whole world know in his speeches, that he and I were absolutely at one with regard to the great issue of the League of Nations and that he is ready to be the champion in every respect of the honor of the Nation and the secure peace of the world. Governor Cox will have the vigorous support of an absolutely united party, and, I am confident, also of an absolutely united Nation.

This agreement between the President and the Democratic nominee was forecast by the Republican candidate, who said that it would inevitably be announced that the two found themselves in complete accord. Mr. Harding interpreted that accord as meaning that the President was in charge of the campaign and would be the real force of the next Administration if it were to be Democratic. Furthermore, Mr. Harding, not content with a general statement, asked certain questions to ascertain what specific measures the Democratic candidate was pledged to.

The President has called Article X the "heart of the treaty." Is the Democratic ticket committed to Article X? The President, Mr. Harding said, has naturally stipulated that Mr. Cox, if elected, shall assume, underwrite, and liquidate all the international commitments in which the Administration has involved itself. What are those commitments? Has Mr. Cox promised to renew the demand for a mandate for Armenia; to maintain Mr. Wilson's policy in the Adriatic (which Mr. Harding says has well-nigh forfeited the Italian people's friendship and almost wrecked the peace); to insist that Thrace be handed over to Bulgaria, regardless of the wishes of the Thracians, the Greeks, and our Allies; to take over all the unknown commitments of the Administration's foreign policy? What does the President want a big Army and Navy for? These are some of the questions Mr. Harding asked of Mr. Cox. In reply Mr. Cox said that he would answer all that he thought necessary in his speech of acceptance.

If the discussion of these and similar questions are frank and courageous on both sides, the American people may have (what they ought to have had and failed to get in 1916) a course of education in international relations.

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE LEAGUE ASSEMBLY

ON July 15 President Wilson issued a call for a meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations, to take place on November 15, at Geneva, Switzerland.

According to the League of Nations charter, the seat of the League is established at Geneva, but the League may subsequently change its place of meeting. Also under the charter, "the first meeting of the Assembly and the first meeting of the Council shall be summoned by the President of the United States of America."

The President's mention of Geneva as the initial meeting-place means not only that the first sessions will take place on the neutral soil of Switzerland, but also that Mr. Wilson again shows his disapproval of Brussels as the League's permanent seat. At the Paris Peace Conference the French and other representatives strongly favored the selection of the Belgian capital. It, they contended, was beyond any other capital a symbol of what the war had meant and the pledge of what the League should be. But President Wilson was not to be moved from his "neutrality"—an echo of the neutrality he had shown at the beginning of the World War.

Having now issued the summons for both Council and Assembly, the President's personal obligations under the terms of the Treaty cease. It is not incumbent upon him to summon any subsequent meetings of the League of Nations.

The call has been sent to all nations that are members of the League. Each of them is entitled to representation in the Assembly.

TEAM-WORK AS AN ISSUE

ONE of the avowed purposes of Mr. Harding, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, is, if he is elected, to secure team-work in the Federal Government—team-work among the executive officials and team-work between the Executive and Congress. There is a widespread feeling that during the Wilson Administration whatever co-operation has existed has been largely due to the dominance of the President over his Cabinet and, while his party was in power in Congress, over the legislative branch as well; that there has been lack of consultation, that the Government we have had in America has been too much "one-man government." Mr. Harding has made it clear that he believes this is an important issue in the campaign. He has, however, not contented himself with attacking the practice of the Democratic Administration, but has made at least one definite and constructive announcement as to the course he will pursue if he becomes President.

In the course of his campaign, which he has been conducting at his home in Marion, Ohio, he has stated that "the Vice-President should bring the benefit of his capacity and experience to the Cabinet councils." Inasmuch as the sole active duty of the Vice-President is to preside over the Senate, the inclusion of the Vice-President in the President's Cabinet would supply a link between the

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Federal Executive and Congress. In particular, Mr. Harding points out the usefulness of this arrangement in case he and Mr. Coolidge are elected. "Governor Coolidge," Mr. Harding says, "has had experience as an executive, and naturally would become the most effective agency for keeping the President and the legislative branch in touch with each other."

The success of such an arrangement as Mr. Harding proposes depends upon the disposition of both the President and the Vice-President. We hope the experiment may be tried.

The suggestion has been well received, and its influence even on his opponent may perhaps be seen in the fact that when Mr. Cox, the Democratic candidate, on July 18, some days after Mr. Harding's announcement, called on President Wilson to exchange views on the Democratic campaign he took with him the nominee for the Vice-Presidency, Mr. Franklin Roosevelt.

THREE MEN WHO DID NOT BOLT

AFTER the Republican and Democratic Conventions there was one leader in each party who, it was feared, might not follow his party ticket. The announcement of Senator Hiram Johnson that he would give his active support to Senator Harding, and the announcement of Senator Reed, of Missouri, that he would support the Democratic ticket, set at rest the fears of those who were prophesying party splits.

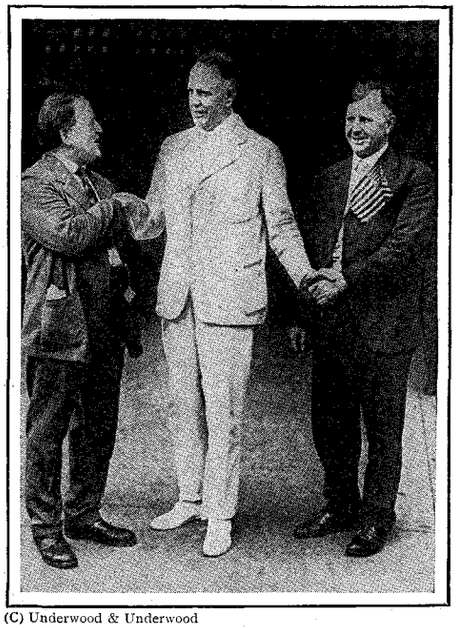
There probably never existed much danger that either of these men would desert their party standards. Certainly Senator Johnson would have had little excuse for such an action. He received every consideration to which he was entitled by his party.

Senator Reed, on the other hand, might have been pardoned if he had skulked. Elected by his home district as a delegate to the Democratic Convention, his credentials were refused him by the Democratic leaders of the State. At a second election his district again voted for him as its representative in the Democratic Convention, but the National Convention refused point blank to permit him to occupy his seat. He was not permitted to attend the Convention even as a holder of another delegate's proxy. The only reason given for this high-handed proceeding was apparently the fact that Senator Reed has continuously and effectively fought the President on the issue of the League of Nations. Not only did Senator Reed have cause to complain of his treatment by the Democratic Convention, but he was also read out of his party by the New York "World." The New York "World" in its attack upon Senator Reed went to the limit of its vocabulary of political vilification, for it asserted in good round terms that he was practically a Republican. Under such circumstances, Senator Reed by his announcement that he will support the Democratic ticket certainly is entitled to the crown for political loyalty!

The announcement that General Wood will support the Republican ticket of course was no surprise to his friends. It is important to note, however, that after an interview with Chairman Hays, of the Republican party, and Senator Harding he stated it as his "understanding that the progressive elements of the party are to be brought into the campaign and given full representation and participation." It is The Outlook's belief that the fulfillment of this understanding is absolutely necessary if the Republican leaders are to secure the victory which they so ardently desire. There is a wider disappointment over the failure of the Republican leaders adequately to recognize the progressive element in their party than the Republican leaders have so far seemed to be aware of.

THE FORTY-EIGHTERS AND THE FIFTY-SEVEN VARIETIES

THE celebrated limerick which is concerned with the history of the smiling lady of Niger, her eventful journey on the back of the tiger, and the subsequent



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PARLEY PARKS CHRISTENSEN

The Presidential nominee of the Farmer-Labor party

location of the said lady's smile received an illustration in the Convention of the Forty-eighters at Chicago.

These earnest and dissatisfied gentlemen, bent upon the formation of a new party dedicated to the promotion of certain radical ideas and the consequent betterment of mankind, foregathered, it will be remembered, with representatives of the Labor party, the Non-Partisan League, the Single-Taxers, and sundry other political factions. When the dust cleared away, all that could be found on the scene of the explosion was a misnamed Farmer-Labor party with a platform upon which even Senator La Follette refused to run for office and from which the Forty-eighters themselves fled as from a pestilence. We will let one of the Forty-eighters tell the story of that party. In a statement published in the daily press Amos Pinchot says:

> A great opportunity has been lost. But the world is not going to the devil because a few hundred people, differing as widely as the poles, met in Chicago for a few days and then went on their opposite and irreconcilable courses. It was a blunder, in fact, a fiasco, whose humorous side would stand out if it were not for its real tragedy. We Forty-eighters failed to found a new party because we fell down completely in our judgment of the situation. We did not realize until too late that the men who controlled the Labor party, with which we proposed to join, were not bent on a new people's party, drawing from the whole American public, but on a trade-union party with two specific purposes: (1) to spread British guild Socialism in the United States, and (2) to destroy Gompers's leadership in the American Federation of Labor by coaxing his followers away from him into a party the formation of which Sam has bitterly denounced.
>
> But union discipline was strong at Chicago. Class consciousness was strong, too, and the excitement of the Convention swept sober thought away, so that the labor crowd stood as a unit for an extreme and little-thought-out platform.

When we read of attempts to form a new National party based upon a general dissatisfaction with the leaders and principles of the two major parties, there comes to mind the words of a man who in the early eighties began his political career. American politics in the eighties was in a less savory condition than to-day, and therefore the impetus towards isolation from the major party machines even stronger. In later life this man wrote of his early political experience:

> The men I knew best were the men in the clubs of social pretension and the men of cultivated taste and easy life. When I began to make inquiries as to the whereabouts of the local Republican Association and the means of joining it, these men—and the big business men and lawyers also—laughed at me, and told me that politics were "low;" that the organizations were not controlled by "gentlemen;" that I would find them run by saloon-keepers, horse-car conductors, and the like, and not by men with any of whom I would come in contact outside; and, moreover, they assured me that the men I met would be rough and brutal and unpleasant to deal with. I answered that if this were so it merely meant that the people I knew did not belong to the governing class, and that

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> the other people did—and that I intended to be one of the governing class; that if they proved too hard-bit for me I supposed I would have to quit, but that I certainly would not quit until I had made the effort and found out whether I really was too weak to hold my own in the rough and tumble.

These words from the pen of Theodore Roosevelt carry a lesson which the average self-styled reformer can never learn. We shall magnanimously permit our readers to find out what this lesson is themselves. There is something approaching the nobility of Sydney Carton in editors who permit their readers to draw their own conclusions from the facts in the case, for by refraining from pointing a moral they are overcoming the supremely besetting sin of their craft.

THE OUTCOME AT SPA

The Spa Conference of Allied and German representatives dissolved without completing its intended task; the important problem of the amount of reparations to be paid by Germany and the times and methods of payment was referred to a commission of experts to meet very soon at Geneva; this commission will report to the existing Reparation Commission, which in turn will report to the Governments of the great Allied Powers.

Yet, despite this incompleteness of results and the fact that some concessions were made to Germany in the two other matters considered (disarmament and coal levies), the Spa meeting was in the main satisfactory in its effect. Above all, it was a wholesome lesson to the Germans that they must not mistake reasonableness for weakness. The German orators pleaded and blustered, but when the Allies had reached a definite decision and General Foch was called upon to act, if needed, as an "interpreter"—to use his grim phrase—the Germans, as they always have done since the armistice, yielded and signed. The total impression Germany and the world have gained is that the Allies mean to enforce the essentials of the Treaty and that Germany must accept measures which are punitive as well as compensatory, or must submit to further occupation of her territory. France's action in the Ruhr district and the firmness of the Allies have taught her that lesson.

In brief, the terms agreed upon were that Germany is to deliver 2,000,000 tons of coal a month to France—less than the Treaty calls for, but much more than she has been delivering. If in the next six months she delivers the 12,000,000 tons due, she is to receive foreign credits of about $100,000,000, to be repaid later. Disarmament is to be pressed, and the shameful defiance by Germany in this respect to be abandoned under definite threats of penalties; but an additional six months is given to Germany to reduce her army to the 100,000 required by the Treaty. This seems to us the limit of tolerance.

While France is naturally not thoroughly satisfied with the Spa Conference, her statesmen have been gratified by Mr. Lloyd George's positiveness in backing the proposals for direct action in case of German obduracy. The moral results of the Conference were clear and valuable.

GERMANY'S COAL AND IRON KING

A striking if disagreeable personality at the Spa Conference was that of Hugo Stinnes, sometimes called the German Rockefeller, a German coal, iron, and newspaper magnate, credited with dictatorial ambitions. He is a multimillionaire, has great influence with certain political factions, and his defiant and almost insulting speeches at Spa, while they were not backed by his colleagues, but rather half apologized for, are expected to give him political popularity in the German party crisis which seems likely to follow the Spa meeting. Thus a Berlin despatch says: "The fate of Dr. Simons, Foreign Minister, rests with Hugo Stinnes, the 'coal king.' If the industrial leader chooses to overthrow the Cabinet, he will be strong enough to do so."

International

HUGO STINNES

The leader of the People's party in Germany

Personally, as may be judged from the accompanying portrait, Herr Stinnes looks more like a walking delegate than a coal king. A striking pen-picture of Stinnes is given in a letter from Mr. George Renwick to the New York "Times:"

> Who is this man who held up the Spa Conference so dramatically and who hoped to hold up Europe and dictate to it before he is done with it? He is a man of Jewish origin, born less than fifty years ago. If you saw him at work at his desk with his coat off you would take him to be a clerk in a colliery office. He is always carelessly and shabbily dressed. His shoes are habitually down at heel. With his close-cropped, dark hair and black beard and mustache, his pallid features, his twisted nose, and his large, sharp eyes, he looks a sinister figure. To him power is the breath of life.

Stinnes is said to have been the instigator of the German scheme of looting Belgian factories and deporting Belgian workers. That alone should make him infamous. It is a sinister fact that such a man should be hailed in Germany as a controlling influence in political life.

JAPANESE PUBLIC OPINION

Recently, at the Siberian town of Nikolaevsk, an entire Japanese garrison was wiped out, and later in the month about a hundred and thirty Japanese civilian prisoners—men, women, and children—were deliberately massacred when a Japanese relief expedition was within a few days of the city. Japan is still moved by this terrible event. The militarists have seized the opportunity for their plea of consolidating the Japanese military footings on the mainland. On the other hand, the anti-militarists claim that the militarists really caused the tragedy by stirring up Russian hatred through maintaining Japanese forces in Siberia. But militarists and anti-militarists are agreed that if such forces were to be maintained they should be strong enough in number, when in isolated positions like that of Nikolaevsk, to cope with all contingencies.

As to this Prime Minister Hara has made the following official statement: "The Japanese Government placed considerable faith in the Kolchak Government, and when, contrary to our expectations, it fell, the original Russian policy of the Japanese Government, as well as that of the other Powers who had pledged their support to Kolchak, was completely upset." This colorless statement has failed to allay the indignation among the people. One paper thus reflects the general opinion: "Six hundred Japanese, both military and civilians, have been mas-

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sacred by Russians. If such an incident occurred in Mexico, involving Americans, America would immediately mobilize her entire Army and Navy, and at once proceed to carry on an invasion."

At this juncture the opinions of Marquis Okuma, ex-Premier, are interesting. He had been reported to favor an immediate withdrawal of Japanese troops from Siberia. With his very liberal opinions and his broad mental view, he is endeavoring to change the cry of "Asia for the Asiatics," raised by the militarists, to the broader bases of the world's civilization at large. His idea, as expressed recently to a friend of The Outlook in Japan, is to inspire the Japanese people with an ideal of working for and with the world towards a more humanitarian civilization, and to do this, he says, Japan must stand emphatically for civilization in contradistinction to any conception of the state as merely force or power. He also believes in the regenerative work of international organization, and is one of the vice-presidents of the League of Nations Association of Japan, which has been recently organized to work for the ideals of the League, though the Japanese hold that the League's present organization is very imperfect.

In this connection the result of the Japanese elections is significant as showing an awakening among the people. Although the Government party won (and this might seem to mean that the people are against universal suffrage), nearly all the candidates back of the Government were defeated in the larger cities, the Government party winning all the rural districts. Japanese Liberals, rejoicing to see that democratic influences have obtained foothold in the cities, are sure that the reflex will before long be felt in the country districts.

THE RAILWAY WAGE AWARD

More than half a billion dollars, awarded as an increase in wages to the railway employees of the country, will have to come ultimately out of the pockets of the people. That sum of course will be paid by the railway managers; and the railways will have to get it in turn from increased rates for service. The increased freight will of course be charged to the cost of goods that are transported by rail. Whatever other goods are sold in competition with these will also go up in price. This award, therefore, is a matter of great public interest as well as of interest to the railway employees.

Unquestionably many of the railway employees have been very much underpaid. The increase in wages demanded by the men averaged, it is estimated, from thirty to sixty per cent. The increase awarded averages from twenty to twenty-seven per cent. The decision announced on July 20 was the result of an examination into the facts which began with hearings on April 16. It was made by the United States Railway Labor Board, created by the Esch-Cummins Transportation Act adopted in Congress this year. The Board was appointed by the President, and consists of the following: R. M. Barton, Chairman; Horace Baker, J. H. Elliott, James G. Forrester, G. W. Hanger, Henry T. Hunt, W. L. Park, Albert Phillips, and A. O. Wharton. On this Board were representatives both of labor and capital as well as of the public. The award is not unanimous, but is the decision of the majority.

Even to name the various occupations of the men to whom this increase is awarded would be to make a long and tiresome list. These railway employees are not merely men engaged in train service, including switchmen, but are of most varied employment, such as clerks, storekeepers, car cleaners, tugboat captains, telegraphers, janitors, parcel-room employees, drawbridge tenders, bumper engineers, and a great variety of shop employees, such as machinists and boilermakers.

The complaint has been on the part of many of these men that they do not receive from the railway wages equal to those engaged in similar work in other industries; and the Board in making its award takes this fact into consideration. It points out, however, that the railway employees have compensating advantages, such as regularity of employment and the desirable character of the work, which men in corresponding employment in other branches of industry do not have. Other considerations in making the award were the increase in the cost of living, hazards of employment, the training and skill required, the degree of responsibility, previous wage increases or adjustments, and other relevant circumstances.

To those who think the award too high the Board very properly points out the abnormal conditions that result from the high cost of living and from high wages generally; and to those who think the increase too small the Board with equal propriety points out the fact that the burden of this increase will rest upon the people generally, among them many in less fortunate circumstances than those who are to receive this increase.

The way in which the railway managers and the men receive this award will test the practicability of the method of wage adjustment provided by the Esch-Cummins Law. It was proposed to provide in the law that industrial disputes in the case of railways be settled by compulsory arbitration. To this the employees of the railways objected, so this method of voluntary arbitration was adopted instead. Is it going to work? The answer lies very largely with the men themselves. There is no one in the country with the information and authority to say definitely that this award is unfair. Certainly no journal is competent to pass upon that subject. The public generally will assume that relevant facts have been taken into consideration. The railway managers can scarcely refuse to abide by the decision. Should a strike follow this award, the natural tendency would be to conclude that voluntary arbitration does not work and that there must be a resort to compulsion. If, on the contrary, the men accept this award and under it increase their efficiency, showing that they are worth to the people the extra cost of the wage increase, the public will be inclined very strongly in their favor. The acceptance of this award is therefore in the interest not only of industrial peace, but also of the men themselves.

POLITICAL WISDOM WORTH EVERY BIT OF FOUR DOLLARS AND THIRTY-SEVEN CENTS

We have received a telegram (marked "collect—$4.37") from the Kansas City "Star" which bears a most important message. It is indeed the "Star's" summary of the issues of the campaign. We publish it here in full:

> In this campaign the old-time progressive-conservative issues are in abeyance.
>
> New issues, or sets of issues, have taken their place. These have developed in three principal groups:
>
> 1. International relations, including the League of Nations.
>
> 2. The liquor question, including the interpretative modification of the Eighteenth Amendment.
>
> 3. The efficient administration of Government.
>
> The "Star" believes, in view of the relations of parties and candidates to the three groups of issues cited, that the essential interests of the Nation will be best served by the election of Senator Harding.

An excellent summary this is, so far as it goes—or should we say, comes? It was welcome even if it was marked "collect" in these days when the cost of white paper keeps editors awake o' nights.

We were so moved by its importance that we thought seriously of running it on the cover of this issue as "Special Telegraphic Correspondence from Kansas" in order to impress our readers with our alertness when matters of great weight were in the air. Though that metaphor seems to do some violation to the law of gravitation, we will let it stand, for surely we would have been justified in taking advantage of such an opportunity to "scoop" those of our contemporaries who are forced to depend solely upon the

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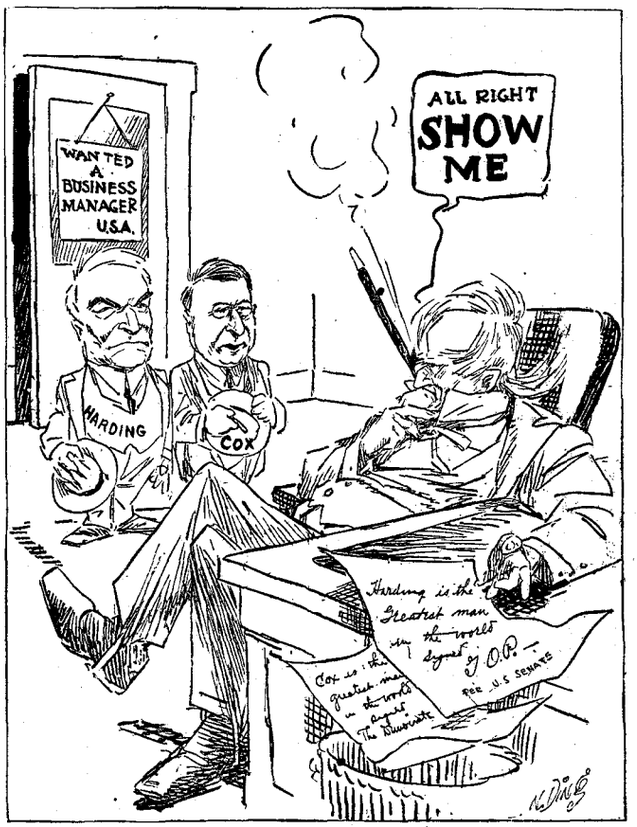
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

(See offer on page 584)

Darling in the Utica Daily Press


WANTED A BUSINESS MANAGER U.S.A.
ALL RIGHT SHOW ME
HARDING
COX
Harding is the greatest man in the world signed O.P.
Cox is the greatest man in the world signed The Electorate
FOR U.S. SENATE

ANYBODY CAN GET A GOOD LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION

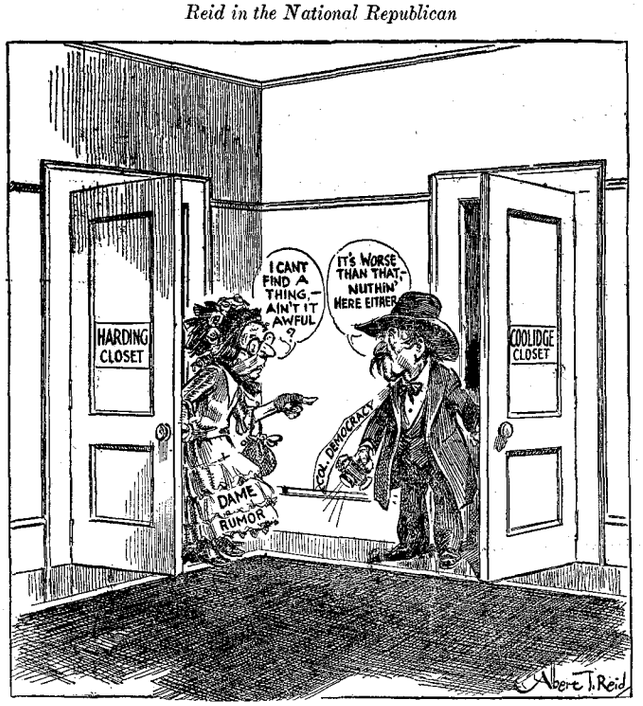
From William Rowley, New York City

Halladay in the Providence Journal

THIS WOULD TICKLE BEN FRANKLIN TO DEATH

From James Baldwin, Pawtucket, R. I.

Reid in the National Republican



NO SKELETONS

From Mrs. John H. Beecher, Bristol, Conn.

McCutcheon in the Chicago Tribune

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AN AWKWARD MOMENT FOR MOTHER

From Edward Wagenknecht, Oak Park, Ill.

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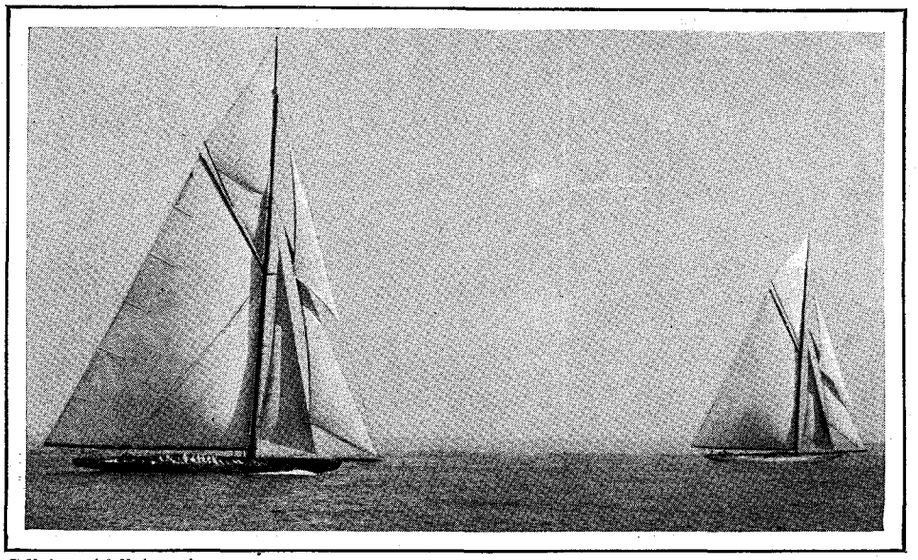
ministrations of Mr. Burleson—even if the opportunity may be said to have dropped upon our doorstep like a foundling child.

Seriously, we wish that Kansas City were near enough to New York so that we might talk over the world and his wife with the staff of the "Star" without recourse to either telegrams or letters. There's a lot of political and social horse sense in Kansas, and the editors of the "Star" have their full share of this commodity. There is a clearer view of America from the windows of the "Star" than from some of the sky-scrapers of Park Row.



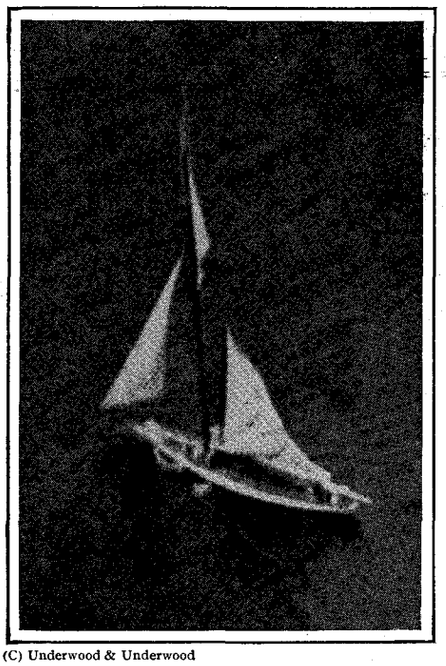
(C) Underwood & Underwood

THE RACING YACHTS

This snapshot was taken in the second race (called off after the time limit had elapsed) with the Resolute, at the right, in the lead

THE YACHT RACE AND THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE great sloops which are carrying the colors of Great Britain and America have been sailing out to do battle for the America's cup. The first race



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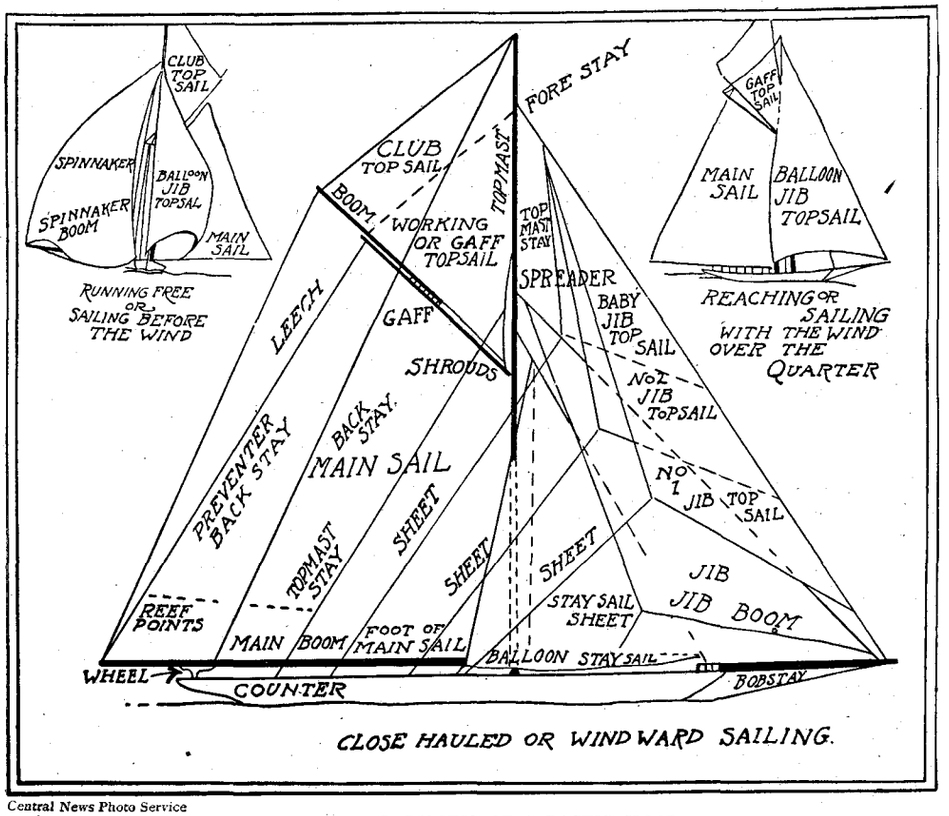
THE RESOLUTE IN TROUBLE

An aerial snapshot of the cup defender just after her accident in the first race

ended in a victory for the Shamrock, the second in a drifting match which left the two yachts far from the final mark when the time limit expired. The victory of the Shamrock in the first race was a disappointment both to the winner and the loser, for the Resolute was forced from the race as she rounded the half-way mark by a broken throat halyard. At the time of the accident she was well in the lead, as she was also at the conclusion of the second race.

The throat halyard is not shown on the accompanying diagram, but it extends from the inner end of the gaff to the topmast, where it passes through a block or pulley, and thence to the foot of the mast. It carries a large share of the weight of the gaff and the mainsail, and its parting threw such a strain on the jaws of the gaff that they broke. The gaff was thus left hanging by the peak halyard, which runs from the foot of the mainmast to a block or pulley on the topmast above the throat halyard, and thence to the outer end of the gaff. The rough explanatory illustration published herewith is not as satisfactory as it might be, for it is in itself somewhat confusing to one unfamiliar with boats and their ways. It should be noticed that the word "leech" (the term used to describe the outer edge of the mainsail) might as well be inside the line marked "preventer back stay," for the mainsail extends only from the main boom to the end of the gaff. The club topsail extends beyond the mainsail and also the topmast as shown in the smaller cut. Of course the baby jib topsail, number two topsail, and number one topsail are never hoisted at the same time. These three sails and the balloon jib topsail all run on the forestay and are used as the discretion of the commander of the sloop indicates.

The dotted line within the area of the balloon staysail indicates the size of the staysail, which is (like the various jib topsails) used as an alternate for the other sail which occupies the same space on the diagram. The word "sheet" does not belong with the word "staysail," as it



Central News Photo Service

SAILS AND RIGGING OF A RACING SLOOP

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appears in the drawing, but refers to the jib sheet, which is, in non-technical language, the rope which controls the jib. Doubtless some of our "sea-dog" readers will find other exceptions to take both to this drawing and this editorial explanation. But the drawing may serve to give some idea of the rudiments of the construction of a racing sloop to those who are denied access to both fresh and salt water.

While the Shamrock and the Resolute are battling for the blue ribbon of the sea, there are also other events of surpassing interest to the athletic world. The final trials for the track team which is to represent America in the Olympic Games were held at the Harvard Stadium on July 17. One hundred and fifty athletes were given a place on the team and will sail shortly for Belgium. It is reported that the size of the American contingent has been reduced because of the lack of funds to pay for the transportation of a larger representation. If this is so, it is to be greatly regretted, for we can think of no better way to promote international good feeling than to permit as many representatives of each nation as possible to compete in the generous rivalry of sport.

The American Davis Cup Team, after its members had brilliantly acquitted themselves in the tournament for the championship of Great Britain, proceeded to defeat France and Great Britain in the tournament for the right to challenge Australia, which now holds the trophy.

Oh, yes! There is another event in the athletic world beside which, to a very great section of America, even the cup races sink into insignificance. "Babe" Ruth has knocked his thirty-second home run of the year, thereby shattering the Major League record. As he still has some weeks to go before the end of the baseball season, he will doubtless hang up a mark in this season's work which will stand for many years.

THE "OLD MAN" IS DEAD

To Cornell graduates and to men in touch with the rowing world the words which head this paragraph meant that Charles E. Courtney was no longer to guide the destiny of the Red and White flotilla from Lake Cayuga. Charles E. Courtney, "Pop" Courtney, was the oldest and the most famous of American rowing coaches. For thirty-three years he had taught the crews from Ithaca all that they knew, and sometimes it has seemed all that there was to know, of the art of handling sweep and scull. Mr. Courtney began work as a professional coach in 1875, and in 1883 began his connection with Cornell. In the sixteen years preceding the war Cornell, under his guidance, won the 'varsity eight-oared races at Poughkeepsie eleven times, and three times was in second place. Nothing more need be said of his skill and genius as a coach. Coach Courtney, it is said, never saw his boys race except once or twice in the course of his career.

Two of the fundamental principles of his coaching were clean living and rigid discipline. He was an autocrat who was loved for his discipline and honored for his personal life.

THE LATE FRANK TRUMBULL

We record with regret the death of Frank Trumbull, one of the most accomplished of American railway executives, who recently died in his sixty-second year. Mr. Trumbull began his active business life in boyhood, and was for many years associated with some of the large railway corporations of the West. At the time of his death he was Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, a position which he had held for more than ten years. He was also Chairman of the Railway Executives Advisory Committee, an indication of the respect and esteem in which he was held by American railway managers.

Not only was he an expert in railway finance and management, but his views on the relations of the American railway to the Government, on the one hand, and to the people of the country, on the other, were broad, liberal, and progressive. He found time amid his many pressing engagements to give service and consideration to many civic matters. He was a trustee of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, and was Chairman of the Committee for Immigrants in America and of the National Americanization Committee. He had a special gift of literary expression, and wrote many papers on financial, railway, and civic subjects, which not only displayed an exact knowledge of the subject, but were so phrased as to appeal to the interest of the non-technical reader.

Combined with his marked executive ability and special knowledge were a modesty and a personal charm which made him a delightful companion, and his friendship and association were sought for by many men of various views and interests. His death brings a loss not only to his profession, but to the citizenship of the country. We shall always regret that it suddenly brought an end to a plan which we had suggested to him of writing a narrative, based on his own experience, of the rise, progress, and development of the American railway. No man that we know could have written such a biographical and historical narrative better than Frank Trumbull.

THE DREAM OF A SHIRT-TAIL BOY COMES TRUE

Twenty-one years ago a remarkable work was begun in the heart of the Kentucky mountains—that region popularly known as the home of feuds and moonshine. Half a dozen young women from the prosperous Blue Grass, led by Miss May Stone, of Louisville, and Miss Katharine Pettit, of Lexington, were sent up by the State Federation of Women's Clubs to see what could be done toward helping the less fortunate people of the mountains, who had been for a century isolated from the rest of the world.

In the summer of 1899 these young women went up forty miles from a railway and pitched their tents in the town of Hazard, in Perry County, where the French-Eversole feud, in which sixty-odd men perished, had recently closed. They had classes in singing, sewing, cooking, and kindergarten, and social clubs for young and old. Among the visitors who came in crowds from remote creeks and hollows to see the "quare fotched-on women" and observe their ways was a beautiful old patriarch, Uncle Solomon Everidge, who at eighty-one years old walked the twenty-two miles across the mountains from his home on Troublesome Creek, in Knott County. In his crimson linsey hunting jacket and homespun linen trousers, and with his shock of white hair, smooth-shaven face, and dark, intelligent eyes, he was an impressive figure. Before he left he exacted a promise from the women to come to his home the following summer, if they came up at all, saying, among other things: "When I were just a leetle shirt-tail boy, hoeing corn on the hillsides, I would look up Troublesome, and down Troublesome, and wonder if anybody would ever come in to larn us anything. I growed up, and nobody come; my offsprings, to grands and greats, growed up—and times a-getting wusser every day—and still nobody come. When I 'heared about you women, I 'lowed maybe you was the ones at last."

In June of 1900 "the women" arrived in Knott County, and set up their tents on a steep hill shoulder overlooking Troublesome Creek and the village of Hindman. Before their summer of friendly work was over mass-meetings of the people of county and village were held, in which the visitors were urged to remain permanently and start a school for the children, the sum of seven hundred dollars being voted to buy the land.

The call was too earnest and insistent to go unheeded. Miss Pettit and Miss Stone decided, after careful thought, to devote their lives and energies to the children of the mountains. They went out and told of the crying need and got the money for the first buildings, returning themselves to superintend the construc-

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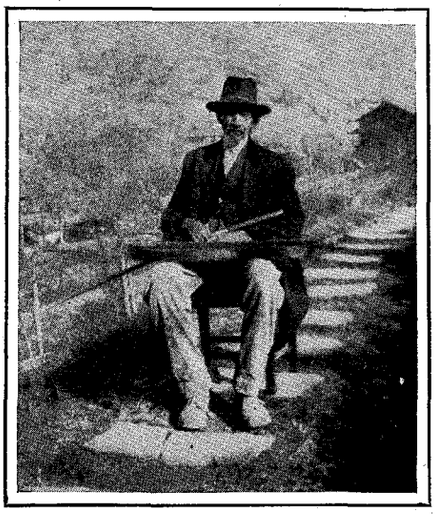
tion, their duties running all the way from measuring and marking the trees and having them cut and "snaked" down the mountain-sides by ox-team to managing the "workings" when men gathered to "raise" the great logs into place.

THE FOUNDING OF THE HINDMAN SETTLEMENT SCHOOL

In the summer of 1902 the Hindman Settlement School, the pioneer of its kind, combining academic and industrial education with various forms of social



THE DULCIMER-MAKER

service, was opened. To it a boy or girl could come without a cent of money, and in return for a few hours of daily labor receive a first-rate education, extending from kindergarten through high school; and, in addition, industrial training—for boys in agriculture, carpentry, woodwork, mechanics, and dairying, and for girls in cooking, sewing, weaving, laundry, and home nursing. To defray expenses a scholarship of one hundred dollars was raised on the outside for each resident child.

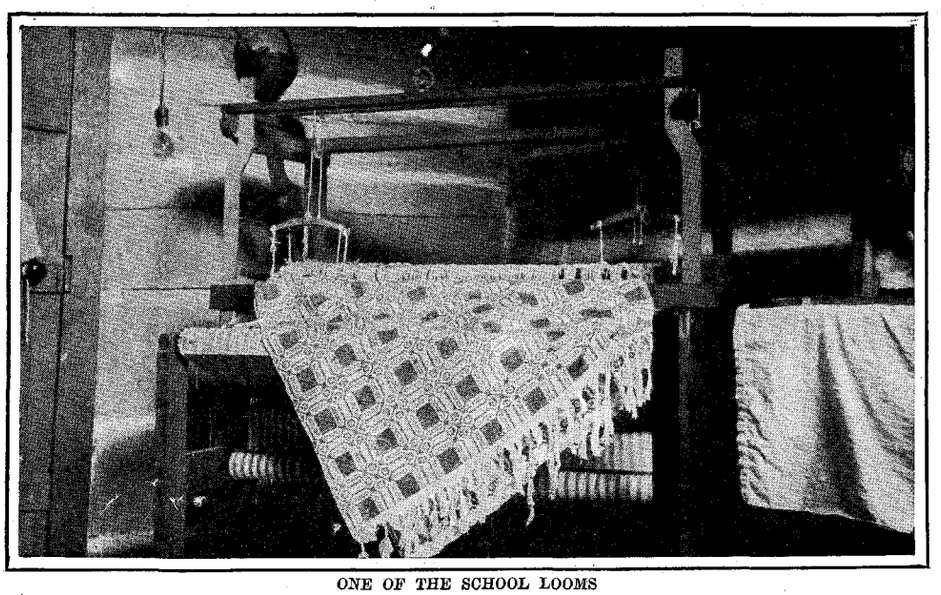
As the women journeyed in wagons back and forth to the school from the railway in the early days they had to drive always through "Bloody Breathitt" County, where the terrible Hargis feud was then raging (in the year 1902 alone thirty men were killed in this "war"); but from the armed men they frequently met on their way they never received anything but the most perfect courtesy, and came and went as safely as in their own fathers' homes.

The school has grown until more than a hundred boys and girls now live in it, while two hundred and fifty more attend day school. The two buildings have increased to fourteen, the three acres to two hundred and thirty. The social activities are numerous—clubs of many kinds, for young and old; a library; Sunday-school work; a department of fireside industries, which finds a market for the beautiful products of mountain looms; extension work, which carries instruction in canning, cooking, gardening, and the like to remoter neighborhoods. In the school hospital clinics have been held for years by the best physicians of Lexington and Louisville, and far-reaching campaigns launched against trachoma, hookworm, tuberculosis, and typhoid. There is one trained nurse for the school proper and another for district visiting.

From nearly all the mountain counties the children come, walking sometimes as much as forty or fifty miles. Seven or eight hundred are turned away every year for lack of room and scholarships. The influence of the school extends through at least five counties, the entire tone of life being changed for the better.

A number of other mountain counties have offered tracts of land and urged the heads of the Hindman School to start similar schools for them, but so far only one other has been begun, Miss Pettit having left to establish the Pine Mountain School a few years ago, while Miss Stone remains as head of the Hindman School and Settlement.

Surely no more worth-while work can be imagined than this opening the doors of opportunity to eager children who would otherwise have no chance.



ONE OF THE SCHOOL LOOMS

CO-OPERATION AMONG NEW YORK FARMERS

As unorganized sellers farmers have almost invariably found themselves up against organized buyers. As unorganized buyers farmers have almost invariably found themselves up against organized sellers. The result of this two-fold disadvantage has doubtless had its effect in the drift of our farm population to the cities.

There is more than one indication, however, that this condition will not endure forever. As sellers of their products, farmers (particularly in the West, where distant markets made it impossible for individuals to ship separately to advantage) have been gradually developing co-operative movements of no mean size. But farmers must buy to advantage as well as sell to advantage if their business is to be profitable. And so we now find them in the field, acting co-operatively, as purchasing agents for farm supplies. We are informed that this activity has been more pronounced in the Middle West than in the East, but the Eastern States have been left untouched.

A most promising plan for the development of a co-operative purchasing corporation among the farmers of New York State is described in a recent issue of the "Rural New Yorker." This corporation is capitalized at one million dollars, divided into two hundred thousand shares with a par value of five dollars a share. Each shareholder has but one vote in the management of the corporation, no matter how many shares he may hold. The corporation, under its charter, can pay six per cent on its stock, create a reserve, and then must divide its earnings among those for whom it does business in proportion to the business done. This is a vital principle necessary for the success of all co-operative organizations. The directorate of the new corporation has been chosen by the State Grange, the Dairymen's League, and the Federation of Farm Bureau Associations.

This new farmers' organization looks doubly promising, both because of its character and the fact that it takes over a going concern as the basis of its organization. This organization was created by the New York State Grange, and has been in existence some eighteen months. The original capitalization of the Grange Exchange was $30,000 of paid-up stock. On this meager capitalization the Grange Exchange was doing a business of about $100,000 a month just prior to the transfer of its interests to the new corporation.

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CONSTANCY IS MORE THAN CONSISTENCY

WE have received the following letter:

As a reader of The Outlook I have read your editorials and articles by Dr. Abbott and others on the League of Nations, and I have been wondering what was the real reason for your changing your position in regard to accepting the League Covenant. For some time you advocated accepting it as it was without reservations, and now you advise doing so with the Lodge reservations, or at least did a short time ago.

I write to ask if you would not give us an editorial, or have Dr. Abbott write an article, setting forth your reasons for this change of opinion in a full and concise manner. F. P HURST.

Delano, California, July 5, 1920.

I think that you have misunderstood The Outlook. But I am not concerned to prove that it has been consistent. I agree with Ralph Waldo Emerson that "with consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do." Constancy is always a virtue; consistency is sometimes a vice. In order to be constant to his purpose one may often be, in seeming if not in reality, inconsistent in his conduct. Thus in chess one at first takes every pains to save his queen and later deliberately sacrifices her, but is always constant to his purpose to checkmate his opponent; thus a ship constant in its aim to reach a given harbor sometimes sails directly away from it in beating against an adverse wind; thus Abraham Lincoln was constant to his purpose to secure "liberty and union, one and inseparable," but not consistent in his methods. When the New England abolitionists proposed to withdraw from the Union to get rid of responsibility for slavery, he opposed abolition; and he affirmed repeatedly that he did not propose to interfere with slavery in the Slave States. But when slavery endeavored to destroy the Union he did interfere with slavery in the Slave States, and emancipated the slaves. His constant purpose, although his methods sometimes seemed inconsistent, was to preserve the Union and prevent the extension of slavery.

When in 1895 Edward Everett Hale, in a memorable speech at Lake Mohonk, advocated a permanent court of the nations as a substitute for temporary arbitration tribunals, I welcomed his proposal as a great step toward the substitution of an appeal to reason for the appeal to force. When some radicals proposed the creation of an international police, I opposed it as impracticable. When it was argued that there could be no law without *force* to compel obedience, I dissented, and based my faith in the power of international public opinion on the history of the Supreme Court of the United States, the most powerful court in Christendom, which has never possessed power to compel obedience. The only power the Constitution recognizes is the power of the Executive, and two Presidents, each so popular as to be re-elected—Jefferson and Jackson—refused to enforce the decrees of the Supreme Court. My faith in the power of public opinion to enforce the decrees of a court is confirmed by the fact that there have been something like a hundred cases of international arbitration without any power to enforce the arbitrator's decrees, and rarely, if ever, has the defeated party refused obedience to the decree.

When President Wilson came home bringing the League Covenant with him, I thought his scheme inferior to that negotiated by Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt. I believed, and still believe, that President Wilson had violated the spirit of the Constitution in negotiating that Covenant without taking the advice of the Senate. I believed, and still believe, that he violated the letter of the Constitution in trying to force its adoption on the Senate without the Senate's *consent*. But I hoped that it could be amended so as to be safe for America. In that belief I was confirmed by such international authorities as Mr. Taft, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Root. The League of Nations Covenant seemed to me vague in some particulars and perilous in others. But in international affairs I believe that all citizens should support the Chief Executive so far as they can do so without violating their own consciences. I was quite sure that this Covenant would not get the approval of the Senate without such amendments as would correct the ambiguities and remove the perils. Therefore I supported the Covenant with whatever amendments the majority of the Senate might adopt. For some months I hoped against hope that the President and the Senate would get together, the more so because some of Mr. Wilson's warm political supporters agreed in urging important amendments. I supported the League of Nations Covenant, not because I liked it, but because it afforded the only possible hope, so long as Mr. Wilson was President, of getting any fellowship and co-operation of the nations, and some immediate fellowship and co-operation of nations appeared to me necessary to protect us from the very evils from which America, in common with other nations, is now suffering.

But when the votes in the Senate made it clear that, although a majority of the Senators desired some kind of League, not enough Senators agreed on the necessary amendments, and when the President by his telegram to Oregon made it clear that he would not accept the amendments which the Senate might be induced to adopt, I definitely abandoned all hope of securing any international agreement under this Administration, wrote the editorial in The Outlook for May 19, 1920, entitled "Two Paths to Peace," and shall now use whatever influence I possess to secure a return of the country to the Hague plan of a parliament and a court to promote and facilitate peace without power to call into the field armies to enforce their decisions.

That in the editorial discussion of the complicated problems of the last three years our editorial utterances have sometimes been inconsistent with each other is very probable. But if on this subject they have ever seemed to our readers inconsistent with a sincere desire to substitute the appeal to reason for the appeal to force, to promote in the world a spirit of justice and peace, and on that foundation to build up gradually a true brotherhood of nations, it has been either because the writer has misinterpreted himself or been misunderstood by the reader. The principle by which The Outlook has been, is, and will be actuated may be stated in two sentences:

IT IS THE WISH AND THE DUTY OF AMERICA TO BEAR HER SHARE OF CIVILIZATION'S BURDEN.

BUT AMERICA WILL NEVER CONSENT THAT OTHER NATIONS SHALL DETERMINE FOR HER WHAT THAT SHARE IS.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

MR. COX AND THE GERMAN-AMERICANS

IF a man is proposed as a leader, it is right that the people should examine his record to ascertain his qualities of leadership. If he has shown in the past that he has understood issues before other people have understood them, he has one essential qualification for leadership. If he has shown, however, that in the past he has not understood issues until they have come upon the people, in at least one essential qualification for leadership he is lacking. James M. Cox is proposed as leader of the American people for the next four years. That people has been through one of the greatest crises in its history. As that crisis approached what was the attitude of Mr. Cox? Did he understand that it was coming? Did he see its moral significance? If he had been in a position of leadership then, would he have led the people in the right direction or the wrong direction? It is legitimate for the people whose leader he aspires to be to make this inquiry.

Mr. Cox is owner and controller of the Dayton "Daily News," and has been for twenty-two years. During 1915 and 1916 that newspaper in its editorials repeatedly used arguments favored by the hyphenated Americans. It denounced Mr. Roosevelt for denouncing Germany's

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invasion of Belgium, the sinking of the Lusitania, and the submarine warfare. This is shown by extracts from the "Daily News" which were first discovered and published by the New York "Sun and Herald" and by other extracts which were reprinted later by the New York "Tribune." In the course of an editorial on October 5, 1916, entitled "Our German Friends" Mr. Cox's paper said:

> Speaking in the interest of Justice Hughes, Mr. Roosevelt accuses the Germans of murdering men, women, and children. Speaking in the interest of Justice Hughes, he finds fault with President Wilson for not interfering when Germany entered Belgium. Speaking in the interest of Justice Hughes, Mr. Roosevelt condemns the President for writing notes to Germany when the Lusitania was sunk. Can any German sympathizer doubt where Mr. Roosevelt's heart is, or where Justice Hughes would be compelled to stand if Roosevelt were back of him, as he will be if Hughes is elected President?
>
> We do not believe that all of our German friends, or anything like a majority of them, have so lost their love for the Fatherland as to line up on the side of those who find fault because this Government did not go to war with Germany over the invasion of Belgium. We do not believe that they are so disloyal to their friends and relatives who are fighting for what they believe to be right as to give aid and comfort to the worst enemies of Germany in this country—namely, the rabid Roosevelt and his personal choice for President?

This of course was a direct appeal to the hyphenate. Repeatedly Mr. Cox's paper asked for the re-election of President Wilson as a means of aiding Germany. And in its appeal for the favor of German-Americans it went so far as to suggest the advantage of a German victory. On November 7, 1915, over a year after the invasion of Belgium and six months after the Lusitania massacre, Mr. Cox's paper said editorially:

> Nor is victory by Germany the worst thing that can happen. If the Allies were to win and their winning meant a great increase of Russian aggressiveness on the one side and of Japanese assertiveness upon the other, America might live to be very sorry that Germany had not won.

This is familiar German-American propaganda argument.

Less than six months before our entry into the war, the murder of Americans by German submarines on the high seas fresh in the minds of their fellow-citizens, Mr. Cox's paper, on October 16, 1916, declared that the war was "not our war," and that the German U-boats had "committed no crime against us." Still later, on December 13, 1916, when nation after nation had enlisted against Germany, Mr. Cox's newspaper prayed that the next arm lifted to wield the sword "so foolishly" in the war (which it declared was without result for either side) and "the crime of all the ages" should be "paralyzed." That arm was destined to be America's.

In reply it is said on Mr. Cox's behalf that these opinons were those, not of Mr. Cox personally, but of his editorial writer, George F. Burba. Mr. Cox himself challenges any one to find any word of his own indicating that he was not opposed to the German military oligarchy. At some length Mr. Burba accepts responsibility for these editorials, saying that he tried to be neutral, and that Governor Cox was not in the city much of the time and paid no attention to the editorials.

Either Mr. Cox did not know what was being said by his paper, or, knowing, did not think the matter important enough to warrant his interference, or else he agreed with what was written. In any case, is his action or inaction consistent with qualification for leadership at a time when men who saw the moral issue were enlisting in the armies of the Allies, giving or risking their lives, and other men, Theodore Roosevelt among them, were willing to pay any cost if so be they could help their country to see the right? We doubt whether Mr. Cox was ignorant of these editorials, for in an interview recently printed in the New York "Times" Mr. Cox speaks as follows:

> I like the newspaper game too. . . . I do not devote myself to any one branch of the paper. I watch the editorial column, the news, the circulation, and the advertising. I receive reports daily, no matter where I am, from both of my papers, so that I know exactly just what they are doing.

Though Mr. Cox himself has not sought to escape responsibility for these pro-German statements, he has undertaken to offset them by pointing to his record as a war Governor. We cannot see that that has anything to do with it. It is not Mr. Cox's loyalty or executive ability that is put under suspicion as a result of his newspaper's utterances; it is rather his capacity for understanding vital issues, his fitness for leadership, his moral and mental eligibility for the Presidency. Never in its history has the American Republic been confronted with a greater issue than that created by Germany's conscienceless crime against liberty and law. According as a man saw that issue and met it he judged himself. By his response to it he rendered for or against himself his own verdict. This is what happens in every great crisis. Of course at such a time there are men who find themselves on the wrong side, acknowledge their fault, and set themselves right; but we do not count such men leaders. The men who were Tories in 1775 were not selected as guides of the Nation for the creation of the Constitution. The men who were pro-slavery secessionists in 1860 were not taken as guides of the Nation in 1865 when slavery was abolished and the Union re-established.

Now in 1920, when Germany is beaten and the American Nation, having shared in the victory, is charged with the duty of fortifying the liberty and the law which Germany sought to destroy, the men who were justifying Germany in 1915 and 1916 may perhaps be excused, but they are not fit to be taken as leaders of the Nation.

The question whether Mr. Cox is to be counted as among those men is not a side issue; it is fundamental. If the evidence that has been presented from Mr. Cox's newspapers should not be controverted, there ought be no doubt of his defeat. Americans want no leader in 1921 who was in 1915 and 1916 himself misled.

TO SPEAK OR NOT TO SPEAK

THE newspapers are discussing the question whether the Presidential candidates should campaign the country or should stay at home, reply to visiting committees, and leave the campaigning to others. Whether to the candidates and the political managers this appears as serious a question as it does to the newspapers we do not know.

The answer to the question seems to us very simple.

If our Presidential candidates have anything they are eager to say to the country, they should say it. If they have no message, they should confine themselves to answering the questions of correspondents and visiting committees.

If Mr. Bryan and Mr. Edwards were the candidates, they would find it difficult to keep still. Mr. Bryan is eager to make prohibition effective. He wants to tell the people why. Mr. Edwards wants to modify prohibition so as to permit beers and light wines. He wants to tell the people why. And the country wants to hear them both. But if Mr. Harding and Mr. Cox have no message on this subject why should they be urged to go before the country to extol in general terms the glories of temperance on the one hand and of liberty on the other?

If Mr. Wilson and Mr. Johnson were the candidates, Mr. Wilson would be eager to tell the country why he wants the League of Nations, and Mr. Johnson would be equally eager to tell the country why he wants no League. If Mr. Harding or Mr. Cox have views on this question which they are eager to give the country, why not give them? But if they have no views, why demand speeches from them?

They both want to stop profiteering and to reduce the high cost of living. So do we all. If either of them has any

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definite plan to propose, we all want to hear it. If they have no plan, it would be simply a waste of valuable time to hear them, however eloquently, denounce extortion and praise economy.

It is quite conceivable that neither of our candidates believes that the President should be a prime minister—the leader of their party as well as the Chief Executive of the Nation. Perhaps they both desire to go to Washington, not to carry out a preconceived policy, but only to execute such laws as the Congress may enact. In that case, one speech will give us that information as well as fifty.

Whether the speeches shall be delivered in fifty different places to fifty different audiences or in one place and given to the public through the press and the talking-machine is purely a question of taste and policy, not a question of morals. The emotions of the country will be more stirred by the one method, the minds of the country will be more instructed by the other.

There is a great deal of difference between speaking because you have something to say and speaking because you have to say something. If our Presidential candidates have something they are eager to say, the people will be eager to hear them. But we hope that they will not allow themselves to be persuaded by newspaper clamor or political managers to speak because they have to say something.

BASTILE DAY

EACH year on July 14 since America took her stand beside France in the war there have been evidences of increasing friendliness and loyalty between the two nations. This year that loyalty was accentuated by the unprecedented appearance of the French tricolor and the American flag floating side by side on the White House and other public buildings in Washington.

The day has now new significance for both France and America.

Just two years ago, on July 14, 1918, Quentin Roosevelt laid down his life. It was the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastile—that enginery and symbol of despotism. It was also appropriately the day on which reconnoitering formally began for the Marne-Meuse struggle.

Three features distinguished that struggle from the rest of the war. First, it proved the greater cohesion and efficiency obtained under a generalissimo commanding all the Allied forces. Second, it showed the freshness and morale brought to the cause by our American troops. Third, it dealt the enemy such a definite and staggering blow as to end the war.

The French now observe the Fourth of July and the Americans the Fourteenth, as well as their respective national days. Does the Fourteenth of July mean anything more to us than another celebration? What does the day suggest of the future relationship of France and America?

The day found us geographically isolated, without fear of invasion. It found France with a revengeful Germany across the border, fearing another German invasion. Under one disguise or another Germany, it has been repeatedly asserted, has a million men under arms. By the Treaty of Versailles she pledged herself to reduce her army to 100,000 men months ago. The date was extended, and when the later date arrived Germany pleaded her incompetence. She also has war equipment far in excess of Treaty provisions, and here again pleads inability to meet those provisions. She declares that she simply cannot pay the money indemnity the Allies want. As to the immediate deliveries of coal required by the Treaty, she would agree to pay but a quarter of the amount, and was only brought to agree to pay half by the Allied threat to enter the Ruhr region in force, just as France had previously occupied Frankfort for a similar reason. On her own soil she has contemptuously treated the Allied Commissions (of which the French bear the chief burden). Finally, the tricolor has been torn from the roof of the French Embassy in Berlin, and when replaced the German soldiers ordered, as reparation, to salute it did so in an insulting way and rode off singing, "Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles."

The Germans kept their country from invasion. In fact, for four years and four months they invaded France, ruined her agriculture and her industries, killed 1,400,000 of her men, wounded millions of others. Did the French suffer all these things so that after years of trampling on all the laws of God and man the Boche can refuse to carry out the terms of the Treaty he has sworn to obey?

No matter how many flags wave, no matter how fine the words from President Wilson to President Deschanel—and they were fine—France expects the American Government to do its full duty. And so, we believe, does the American people. We have, through our President, denied to France the military protection to her border that she sought, and offered instead a promise, in the form of a treaty, to come, in case of unprovoked attack on her, to her aid. We have not yet made the promise we offered to make. Public opinion in America must not forget the Franco-American Treaty still reposing in the Senate.

THE YOUNG-OLD PHILOSOPHER

ONLY the other day we encountered the Young-Old Philosopher, who once in a while drops into our den. We like to see him. He brings a breath of the outside world; and he is still young enough to retain some of the wonder of Peter Pan, yet old enough to cavort no longer. He holds that quiet dignity which is so restful, so masculine, so much to be admired.

"I was talking to a very rich man this morning," he began, apropos of nothing at all, which is quite a way he has. "He told me that he was beginning to be worried about his wife."

"How so?" we inquired.

"She has nothing to do now that they are so fabulously rich. Having no worries, she invents them. When they were poor—for, like most Americans, their riches are a new turn in their affairs—she was troubled about next month's rent. Now all she can find to torment her soul is an inability to decide which motor she shall use in the afternoon—they have no less than six."

We could not help smiling. We had met this woman—or her counterpart—not only in our fiction but in reality.

"How stupid some people are!" the Young-Old Philosopher went on. "One can eat only two eggs of a morning, have but one roof at a time over his head, and wear but one pair of shoes and one suit of clothes. Yet I see closets crowded with unnecessary paraphernalia wherever I go. Wasn't it Thoreau who pointed out the silliness of possessing too much—for then one's troubles really began? A chair for himself and a chair for one friend—that seemed to him all that he needed. And it is so. It is not so terrible a thing to sit upon the floor. Try it some time. I'm sure you will find the experience quite charming. The Orientals do it; and to vary the monotony they sometimes pull forth a stool—but never an obstructing chair.

"I often wish we could all get back to the simpler, saner things. Men complain of the high cost of living; it's the high cost of luxuries that they mean. Instead of simplifying their lives they seem to delight in complicating them; hence the restless rooms we see, the untidy desks," he cast a suspicious glance at ours, "the crowded streets, the wasted energy in all walks of life, and that spirit of nervousness that leads but to the sanitarium.

"I heard in a factory town the other day that the workers were happy until they made so much that now they must figure out their income taxes. They had envied the wealthy until they had to conform to the same laws that the wealthy conform to. What a nuisance to make a will and to take out insurance, was a

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frequent complaint—to do all those unnecessary routine things that one must do if one takes on the tone and color of a rich man! 'Oh, for the simpler, pleasanter paths, now so sadly gone!' the laborers said in their hearts, though they did not actually breathe it to the so-called capitalists.

"Yes, with added funds come added burdens, as one learns so soon. Yet 'the world do move,' as some one has said; and I suppose if we all stood stock still life would prove unbearable. 'New occasions teach new duties,' Lowell put it. Duties—yes. They are quite all right. I approve of them. What I don't approve of is the senseless gathering about us of foolish impedimenta, which only make our days that much more crowded, that much more stupidly rich. I even give away my books after I have read and digested them. Why hoard their abundant loveliness, when some one down the street may need their sustaining words?

"And now, good-morning," he smiled. "I think that's all I have to complain of to-day."

SALVATORE A. COTILLO

BORN AN ITALIAN, REARED AN AMERICAN
MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, POLITICAL LEADER IN NEW YORK CITY

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

The subject and the writer of this sketch are colleagues in the Senate of the State of New York. Senator Cotillo was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention at San Francisco and, in an article following this one, interprets that gathering for The Outlook, just as Senator Davenport described the Republican Convention at Chicago. Nathan Straus, the well-known philanthropist, and Senator Cotillo were delegates to the Convention from the same Congressional district in New York City. A Tammany leader, of great influence with the growing body of citizens of the Italian race in America, of high ideals and large public usefulness, we introduce Senator Cotillo to our readers as one more shining evidence that the old American melting-pot is still working.—THE EDITORS.

I MET Senator Cotillo for the first time in the Senate of the State of New York a year ago last winter—a young, tall, vigorous public figure, with the enthusiasm and intensity of the Latin race. As I observed him during the session and the one that followed I became more and more impressed with the exuberance of his idealism amid surroundings that do not normally contribute to at least unusual idealism. The more I learned about him, the better I liked him and the more he exemplified to me the leavening power of America upon human nature of varied heredity.

Senator Cotillo was born in Naples thirty-three years ago and spent his early boyhood and received his youthful impressions in an atmosphere purely Italian. When he was nine years old, he emigrated with his parents to America. The family settled in the metropolis in the colony then known as "Harlem's Little Italy." With a willingness to sacrifice that his boy might get the best of what is distinctively American, his father urged him on from the grammar school to De Witt Clinton High School, and then to Manhattan College and Fordham University, where he was graduated in the law. In 1912 he was admitted to the bar, and at once began the practice of his profession. He has been identified with important cases involving members of his race. He is attorney in this country for the Bank of Naples, the oldest Italian banking institution, and represents the Italian Government as attorney for the Royal Italian Consul-General of New York.

As soon as he was through school young Cotillo plunged at once into politics. The force of the rapidly increasing number of Italian citizens was being felt in political circles and organizations in which dangerous, unscrupulous, self-serving leaders were exploiting the Italian race. Cotillo saw that the Italians might easily become a peril to the American spirit and purpose, that they must go

SALVATORE A. COTILLO

through a difficult process of adaptation which would involve a great deal of hardship to them and demand the guidance of vigorous and public-spirited men. He deliberately chose politics as the career that would give him opportunity to be of the greatest assistance to alien Italians and to America. As soon as he was out of the schools he went to the Legislature of the State, where he has been ever since, and at once chose the path of disinterested service. The undesirable element in his own district soon learned to fear him. He refused to serve their ends and became an active agent in their suppression. In the Legislature he has been the particular champion of measures affecting the common people and relating to aliens.

In May, 1918, Senator Cotillo was designated by the United States Government to go to Italy for the purpose of spreading information about the war preparations of the United States, with a view to encouraging the Italian people in the great crisis through which they were passing. He was selected by the Government at Washington because of his intimate knowledge of the aspirations and problems of the Italian people, because of his reputation for honesty and the conscientious character of his public service as an American. He addressed great audiences throughout Italy, in many cities and camps; not only the nobility and the officials, but vast gatherings of soldiers, munition workers, and the plain people of the Italian peninsula. In Rome he spoke from the steps of the Victor Emmanuel monument to an audience estimated at a hundred and fifty thousand. The Italian people had been led to believe by German propagandists that America was one big bluff of mercenary materialism. Cotillo everywhere dispelled that suspicion, and for the hope and relief he brought to the Government and the masses of the Italian people he was decorated by the Italian King.

Returning to America, he was re-elected to the Senate of the State of New York, and continued his whole-souled fighting for the measures which count for the good of all. He is a genuine party man, and the organization can count on him up to a certain point. I have often admired and commented upon the leeway towards the general welfare that Tammany has frequently allowed some of its finest young men in the Legislature. Tammany does well to back men of the Cotillo type, who mean so much in the wise leadership of a great body of aliens coming into American citizenship. Here is the greatest possible defense against alien radicalism. Men like Cotillo are the unanswerable argument to those who say that America is not the land of equality and opportunity, or who say that the melting-pot has lost its fusing power. It is not Cotillo the Italian, but Cotillo the American, broad and human, whom The Outlook has asked to interpret to its readers the thought and the policy of the great Democratic party of the Nation in convention assembled.

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THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT SAN FRANCISCO

I—THE IMPRESSIONS OF A DELEGATE

BY SALVATORE A. COTILLO[1]

"IT is said that if the dead who died in the Great War were placed head to feet they would stretch from New York to San Francisco, and from San Francisco back to New York, and if those who perished from starvation and other causes collateral to the war were placed head to feet they would reach around the great globe itself. At this very hour millions of men and women and children are the victims of our hesitancy. How can the heart of America be closed to these things?" These words, coming from the lips of Homer S. Cummings in his keynote address, sum up not only the general feeling of the Convention, but dictate in no uncertain manner the issue with which the Democratic party will face the Nation this fall.

An interval of five weeks may seem quite a short time, yet it is enough for a reaction. That is just what happened. With the elimination of the Chicago Convention there also came about an elimination of the prevailing opinion that this is a Republican year.

The delegates at San Francisco, before selecting their nominees, entered the Convention hall with confidence, and they predicated it first on the weakness of the Republican nominee for President, and, secondly, because the cumbersome Republican platform is so obscure and evasive that its planks, if they can be at all deciphered, express only a desire to recapture power in order to enjoy the division of spoils.

The Convention hall, its vast assemblage (about fifteen thousand), the bunting, the banners, the whole gala array, reminded me of a football game; the delegations of the several States set out clearly by their respective colors, singing their parodies for their favorite sons; the delegations from the South and West easily distinguishable from the others by slight characteristics of speech and dress.

After a prayer the organ sent out the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and as the multitude sang a large American flag was unfurled and it curtained the mighty platform. At that moment all doubt was dispelled, if any could ever be entertained, of the full-blooded Americanism which animated the Convention—a people united by an ideal and dedicated to its everlasting fulfillment.

When the cheering and the singing ended, the great flag was raised and disclosed a picture, unseen before, of President Woodrow Wilson. This was the occasion for a great outburst of applause, which, to my mind, indicated that, regardless of whatever criticism may be directed against our President, he has deserved and deserves the respect of every American.

[1] See Mr. Davenport's sketch of Mr. Cotillo on the opposite page.—THE EDITORS.

Following the various demonstrations and the varied singing of National airs the Temporary Chairman was introduced, and he delivered his keynote address, the details of which were recorded by the press. This speech, instead of being an attack on the Republican party, contained an epitome of the achievements of the Democratic Administration in a concise and clear form. It was so masterfully delivered that prominent men, such as Secretary of the Navy Daniels and Franklin D. Roosevelt and Senator Walsh, of Massachusetts, remarked to me that the Cummings address contained the answer to the world at large to all charges made against the Democratic Administration, it was the expression of all that democracy now stands for, and that the speech had taken its place among those which are hard to surpass.

The speech was well received by all the delegates because it was so pregnant with facts that cannot be disputed, because it brought the issues out squarely to the people and assured victory to the party this fall.

Soon after the address Senator Robinson was made Permanent Chairman. It was interesting to watch him preside. He was fair and impartial in his rulings, and it was evident that it was a free and open convention. He was an excellent parliamentarian, and, while he may have been partial to the Administration forces, at no time did he deny or infringe upon any rights of the delegates assembled.

The first day's proceedings were closed with the announcement by the Chairman that the Resolutions Committee would sit in the evening to hear the respective propositions to be submitted by any delegates to the platform.

The parodies sung during the proceedings were too numerous to mention. One, however, rang out most clearly and effectively over all. The refrain could be heard from the Convention hall to hotels, along the streets, in pleasure halls, to the swinging tune of "Ramble:"

Ohio, Ohio, the hills ring out to cry:
We are here to do or die.
Ohio, Ohio, we'll nominate Cox
Or know the reason why.

Evidently this tune helped in creating a favorable disposition towards the nomination of Cox.

An element that added to the beauty and the efficiency of the Convention was the women. They played a great part in the Convention, and they were given equal representation on the National Committee. They not only adorned the Convention with their presence, but they were a powerful influence for maintaining the dignity of the Convention. Strikingly prominent was the work of Mrs. George Bass, of Chicago; Miss Elizabeth Marbury, of New York; Mrs. John Sherwin Crosby, of New York; Miss Mary E. Foy, of Los Angeles; Mrs. George F. Mara, of Connecticut. Without their active co-operation and initiative, it is very probable that several planks concerning the Nation's welfare would have been omitted.

I attended several meetings of the Resolutions Committee, presided over by Senator Glass, of Virginia, and the impression I received was that, while they were willing to listen to all the important proposals, such as the freedom of Ireland, prohibition, child welfare, Fiume, labor, etc., still this Committee was determined to put through the Administration platform, which they finally succeeded in doing, regardless of the opposition of William Jennings Bryan and W. Bourke Cockran.

Of all the demonstrations which occurred during the proceedings two might be stamped as lacking in spontaneity, freedom, and sincerity. These two betrayed prearangement and organization, and, though they were as extensive and boisterous as many of the others, they bore the mark of a forced persistency. These were the demonstrations for Palmer and McAdoo. Of all the others, three stand out as the most significant of all: for Governor Cox, for Governor Smith, and last, and most enduring, for William Jennings Bryan.

I desire at this point to reassert that this was a free and open Convention, but there were two elements who tried to force their will upon the majority of the delegates. One of them was the McAdoo forces, and the other the Palmer forces. Whether they may be called the Administration forces or McAdoo forces I do not know, but the presence of practically every Cabinet member, United States Attorney's receivers, and other office-holders lead me to think that the Administration was behind McAdoo. The Palmer forces also had their Alien Property Custodians and other office-holders present to force his candidacy, but to no avail.

There is one outstanding figure that I might mention at this time who did much in keeping this Convention free and open. One who is modest, quiet, unassuming, whose influence is felt and not heard, and that is Charles Francis Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, from New York. Mr. Murphy, together with James Nugent of New Jersey, Thomas Taggart of Indiana, and Brennan of Illinois, represented a majority of the delegates for Cox. These men united their representations and stopped the Palmer and McAdoo forces from obtaining a two-thirds vote of the Convention.

It was the same Mr. Murphy who, after the different delegations had disposed of voting for their favorite sons and had

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tested the ground for their opportunity, started to roll up the vote for Cox on the eighth ballot, followed by the New Jersey and other delegations.

The most spectacular features of the Convention were the oratory of William Jennings Bryan and the attitude of the delegates towards him. Repeatedly the delegates and the spectators called for Bryan to speak, and they ceased only when informed that he would appear when the Resolutions Committee had filed its report.

When Bryan appeared on the platform, the audience went wild with enthusiasm, and there is no doubt that, while he may not possess the vigor and energy in his power of speech of former years, he is still a great orator, knowing how to touch the heart-strings of an audience. I remember sitting next to a woman delegate from Indiana when Bryan was to take the platform, and I heard her remark: "Oh, there he is again! Hasn't the Democratic party had enough of Bryan?" While he was speaking in support of his minority report she applauded and said, "You cannot beat him!" This astounded me. What could have changed her heart so suddenly? Was it because he was talking about prohibition? Or about the welfare of women and children? Or about the sanctity of the home? Or was it because of his masterful handling of Biblical quotations? This, I must confess, puzzled me. As he spoke on I became convinced that it was principally because of his oratory, his wonderful command of language, and the great strength and beauty of voice that are his. The insignificant vote he received proved that the party no longer looked to him for direction.

I recall asking Mr. Bryan a question to answer which has caused me a great deal of trouble and thought, viz.: "Mr. Bryan, do you think that the ratification of the Prohibition Amendment by the different States expresses the opinion of the majority of the people, or does it merely express the opinion of a well-organized minority?" And he replied forthwith: "My boy, prohibition has been in the people's mind for fifty years, and the ratification of the Amendment of course expresses the opinion of the majority."

Bryan's influence has waned, he is looked on in some quarters as insincere; but the party will for many years miss the services of so valiant and incomparable a gladiator.

A mighty demonstration greeted the announcement that the nominations for the Presidency were in order. The order of the day had changed. Principles now yielded to persons. The leaders began maneuvering while favorite sons were being proposed; all the nominations were practically seconded by women delegates, and their skillful management of the seconding, their oratory, their control, their level-headed disposition of such duties as were imposed upon them, have for all time dispelled the fear and doubt that women at best would only follow along the simple paths carved out for them by men.

It has been asked whether President Wilson was behind any candidate in the Convention. My belief is that he was not, for if he had been the individual whose support he carried could have swung the Convention to his selection.

The nomination of Governor Smith, of New York, gave rise to a demonstration unforgetable to those who were there. Mr. Cockran's announcement that the State of New York reluctantly proposed the name of Alfred H. Smith was received with tumultuous applause and was a great tribute to one who had risen to a high place in the face of difficulties known to few men in our history. The organ and the bands started playing National airs, and in a few brief moments fifteen thousand people had joined in acclaiming him. The banner of every State in the Union was raised and followed in the procession. There came from a far corner the strains of "The Sidewalks of New York." The great crowd took it up, and for fully half an hour swung into all the old popular songs dear to the hearts of all New Yorkers. It was a wonderful demonstration, and it carried, too, the good wishes of the great country to the delegation that had traveled so many miles to participate in this momentous Convention. I doubt not that those songs are now running through the forests of Oregon, the mining districts of Colorado, and among the fruit-growers of California.

The demonstration for Governor Cox when he was placed in nomination was more than spontaneous. It was the general belief that the Administration was opposed to him. Standards were raised, the organ began playing, the crowd began cheering, yet above all rose the vigorous playing of the Dayton Military Band and the cries of the Ohio delegation. The demonstration was prophetic; it bore a touch of determination quite wanting in demonstrations given all the other candidates. And win he did.

One could have read on the faces of all, "Well done. The most dependable has been selected. The future is securely provided for."

I feel, after attempting to record this series of impressions, and after a close study of the work done at the Convention, that, all in all, it may be said that, while the Republicans have failed to meet the demands of the time in the selection of their candidate and in the formulation of their platform, the Democrats have selected one whose administrative record gives more assurance of a successful Executive and have proposed a liberal platform more suited to the needs of the Nation, and, as Mr. Bryan expressed it, "While mistakes have been made, and while waste can undoubtedly be found, the faults will appear insignificant when compared with the unparalleled accomplishments." And I feel further that the path to victory, although shrouded in the mists of innumerable and pressing events, may be successfully approached by the Democratic party through an earnest and candid appeal to the conscience of the electorate of this country.

II—THE IMPRESSIONS OF A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT

BY WILLIS J. ABBOT

AUTHOR OF "BLUE JACKETS OF '76" AND OTHER BOOKS ON THE NAVY, AND OF "AIRCRAFT AND SUBMARINES," FORMERLY MANAGER OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL PRESS BUREAU, FOR MANY YEARS CONNECTED WITH DAILY NEWSPAPERS IN CHICAGO AND NEW YORK

THE late Alfred Henry Lewis used to tell with gusto of the amazement of a Tammany brave from the lower East Side of New York as he sped across the plains of western Kansas on his way to the Denver Convention. "Think of it!" he cried to the delighted Lewis, who sat by him. "There are human beings out in those fields! Actually human beings living and working 'way out here!"

Something of the same ingenuous astonishment is evinced by visiting statesmen from the Atlantic tidewater as they painfully clamber over the precipitous hills of this impressive city of San Francisco. The Democrats deserve a certain credit for having contributed greatly to the education in National geography of their voters since, in 1896, Mr. Bryan first showed them that there were political potentialities in the West. Since then Democratic Conventions have been held in St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, and now in San Francisco, on the western rim of the continent. The Republicans have clung steadily to Chicago. Presumably these Western excursions of the Democracy have been taken for the purpose of educating the voters of the territory visited.

The Convention profited by the foresight which led the managers of the Panama Pacific Exposition to plan among their permanent structures an admirable auditorium seating about twelve thousand people. This massive edifice, by all odds the most convenient and comfortable any National convention has occupied in my twenty-five years of reporting, forms one side of the Civic Center on the edge of the business district. A second side is taken up by the City Hall, a monumental domed building which for dignity of architecture eclipses any State capitol that I can now call to mind. The third side is filled with a beautiful library building and the construction work for a California building yet to be completed.

The Municipal Auditorium, as the hall in which the Convention is held is called,

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was at the outset a disappointment to the National Committee. Too enthusiastic "boosters" for the Golden City had described it as seating sixteen thousand people. When the engineers came to lay out the seats, there was scant room for twelve thousand. Among speakers and singers who had tested its qualities it had a vile name for an entire lack of proper acoustic properties. But the latter fault was corrected by hanging a ceiling of heavy canvas over the entire auditorium and by installing over the speakers' rostrum a telephonic megaphone with nine throats, resembling a huge corrugated octopus, which distributed the sounds to all parts of the hall. Whether it was this product of science or the ceiling adjusted by the ancient rule of thumb that did the work I cannot say, but I have never been in a convention hall in which speeches were so easily heard, or in which the annoying cries of "Louder!" were less frequent.

This Convention has not been rich in spectacular or stirring scenes. Neither, for that matter, was that at Chicago. It has been suggested that enforced absence of the cup that cheers had something to do with the paucity of the cheering. The theory would be more convincing if John Barleycorn's eclipse were more complete. Ever since I saw the leader of a State delegation at Chicago drive up to the door of a prominent photograph gallery and emerge with the contents of a case of whisky in two suit-cases I have been able to understand the silence of the Chicago platform on the liquor question. It is fair to say that in San Francisco, which is supposed to be the hotbed of the "light wine and beer" demand, as it is of the vineyards of the country, there has been far less visible and offensive violation of the Prohibition Law than there was in Chicago. That astute observer of public sentiment, Mr. "Sam" Blythe, in a local paper defined light wines and beer as "something the wets talk about but don't want to drink." There was never a more epigrammatic statement of a truth.

It was, however, the refusal of the Convention to take any stand whatsoever on the prohibition question that gave Mr. Bryan his chance to arouse the only really impressive outbreak of enthusiasm the Convention witnessed. Nothing came of it in the way of votes. For that the delegates were too well disciplined. Indeed, nothing but the marvelous power of the man to play upon the emotions of an audience extorted from the unwilling official body an echo of the frenzy of the galleries. An illustration of the extent to which the party managers had gone to avert any Bryan demonstration was furnished by the utter silence of the band and great organ during its progress. Always theretofore the least sign of any demonstration which bade fair to break the monotony of the proceedings had been diligently furthered by the efforts of the musicians. This time after the cheering had gone on for several minutes a friend of Bryan's sent up to the organ loft to inquire the reason for the absence of any music. He was informed that the Committee on Arrangements had given standing orders against any aid to a Bryan demonstration. The fortuitous aid, however, was not needed.

Mr. Bryan's speech was his sole appearance before the Convention. Oratorically it was up to his highest mark. He is always at his best when urging a moral issue and pressing the ancient truths of protection to the home and fireside. His task was a hopeless one before a Convention which had orders to humiliate him in every way, and which, furthermore, sincerely believed that the only chance for Democratic success lay in holding out some sort of vague promise of relief from the full rigor of the Volstead Law. And Mr. Bryan weakened his own cause by scattering his fire. With scant time allowed to argue the one vital issue of prohibition, he strove to impress upon the Convention a new plan for accomplishing the end sought by the League of Nations. That alone was a project demanding prolonged deliberation. But to it he added a new profiteering plank, an appeal for a National bulletin of official news, and a denunciation of universal military training. The result was that his speech, after his impassioned appeal for commendation of the Prohibition Act, was a complete anti-climax.

Hope springs eternal in the politician's breast, and the partisans of the rival candidates fought as hard to secure the Presidential nomination as they did at Baltimore eight years ago when the Republican split made a nomination almost equivalent to an election. Indeed, Vance McCormick is quoted as saying: "It is Baltimore over again."

When the pause after the thirty-sixth ballot came, the activities of the Federal office-holders in behalf of Mr. McAdoo began to be unfavorably commented upon. Never have I seen a Convention so crowded with the big men of the executive departments at Washington. If a roll were called, it would read like those pages of the Congressional Directory that are given over to the executive offices. Virtually all were for McAdoo. A few district attorneys from interior cities were here in Palmer's interest, but the big figures, the Cabinet officers, the members of trade and commerce commissions, the aristocrats of the office-holding body, were for the former Secretary of the Treasury. It was one of the issues destined to beat him. The office-holding army recognized this fact, and, while they had not the courage to stay away, were funnily pathetic in their efforts to explain their presence.

There has been a good deal of criticism of the recent Republican Convention on the ground that it went back to the methods in vogue before the Progressive revolt set a new standard of political ethics. People have found a certain way of expressing disapproval by saying that the Republicans have reverted to the standards of McKinley. But this Democratic Convention has gone back to the worst practices which Cleveland denounced and for a time outlawed. Not in a quarter of a century has there been a gathering of either party in which the force of the Administration has been so flagrantly and brazenly employed to dominate the Convention and to nominate its candidates. That it failed in the latter effort does not affect the fact.

Enfranchised womankind figures largely in this Convention. The bank of delegates' seats is plentifully besprinkled with them, and one notes with pleasure the bright gleam of red hats here and there relieving the drab monotony. Across the gallery in front of the great organ, above the speakers' rostrum and facing the delegates—by all odds the most prominent position in the hall—extends a row of women of some apparently official standing. They look very stern, very determined, and, we discover as the proceedings develop, always applaud the Administration programme. Mrs. J. Borden Harriman figures prominently, and with waving arms and strenuous voice materially encourages all the demonstrations favoring Mr. McAdoo. Mrs. George Bass, of Illinois, is called upon to preside over the Convention, and maintains order with the calm force of a veteran. Miss Laura Clay, of Kentucky, enjoys the honor of being the first woman to receive a ballot for President in a National Convention. The vote was cast by Senator Stanley, chairman of the delegation. With no purpose of questioning the sincerity of the Stanley tribute, but merely that an interesting event may be noted in an appropriate place, I will mention that shortly thereafter the same delegation cast a vote for Irving S. Cobb.

It would be interesting, and well worth while if it were possible, to draw some generalization as to the attitude of women in politics from their actions during this Convention. But it is not entirely feasible, since no record of the votes of women as distinct from men is available, nor will be until the official record of the Convention shall be published. It is a common and reasonable belief that on distinctly moral questions and on matters affecting the home women may be expected to vote as a unit. How they might have voted on prohibition had it been frankly before the Convention I cannot say, but it was noticeable that among the women delegates and among the favored occupants of the organ loft there was not manifested any especial approval of Mr. Bryan when he made his masterly and emotional appeal for support against the defenders of the liquor traffic. My impression is that the women delegates to this Convention were just as reactionary as the average man, just as opportunist, just as well-disciplined followers of whatever leader they recognized, and not a whit more devoted than the men to any moral principle if it appeared to conflict with the political expediency of the moment.

All this I believe, but, believing it, do not for a moment abandon my conviction that woman as a sex will bring into politics the moral force which I am unable to find her exerting in this Convention. The

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reason for the immediate failure is that most of the women figuring here were picked, not by their sex, but by men who controlled the party machinery in their respective districts. They were selected, or rather were permitted to come, because they had satisfied the political arbiter of their particular district that they would be regular and trustworthy.

One of the women delegates, Mrs. Izetta Jewell Brown, of West Virginia, did, however, sound a new note in the course of a speech seconding the nomination of Ambassador John W. Davis. It may be noted in passing that this Convention set the precedent of having one second for each of its eleven candidates from a woman's voice. In time this may build up an entirely new school of oratory. Mrs. Brown, at any rate, made a distinct hit. Ambassador Davis was in somewhat the position of Mr. Hoover before the Republican Convention—a candidate for whom everybody said most complimentary things, but only an inconsiderable few voted. In the course of her remarks Mrs. Brown took occasion to refer to Mr. Davis's home life and to dwell somewhat on the social and intellectual characteristics of his wife. For this she excused herself with the very reasonable plea that now that women were about to be admitted to equal rights in the selection of the President they might be expected to take some interest in the characteristics of the "First Lady of the Land."

Occasionally one gets light on the operations of the rival party at one of these National Conventions. I was lunching with a very prominent Federal official, one deep in the councils of the Democratic National Committee. He spoke of the occultation of the Hoover star in both Conventions.

"When you were in conference with Homer Cummings," he said, relative to some futile efforts I had made in the matter, "Mr. Hoover was under serious consideration by the Democrats. If he had held his own counsel, we would not be deadlocked here now, and he would have been nominated by acclamation if the Republicans had left him to us. Of course his statement ended all that. I was playing golf with a Republican Senator the day it was issued. As we were walking over the links this gentleman remarked to me, reflectively: 'Mr. Hoover has been most frank and manly in his response to our request. We asked him to say that he was a Republican. He has done so. We asked that he promise to support our nominee. That, too, he has done. We suggested that he announce that he would not accept a Democratic nomination. To this also he acceded. And since he has said all this, there is not the slightest reason why we should nominate him, and we will not.'"

There was, indeed, much talk of Hoover at this Convention, but no suggestion of his nomination. The form of his declaration of political preference put him out of Democratic consideration. There was less regret expressed than might have been expected, for the curious reason that the practical Democratic politicians, while declaring that they would have been glad to nominate and were certain of electing him, insist, nevertheless, that but for his statement the Republicans would have nominated him first, lest the Democrats take him.

Another side issue of which little has been made in the press—and that little failed to bring out the significant point—was the fight in and out of the Convention against a plank urging Irish freedom. The plank as finally adopted is wholly unsatisfactory to the Irish propagandists, who have not failed to denounce it as evasive, elusive, and cowardly. It is equally unsatisfactory to those who are unable to see any more reason why an American political party should express sympathy with an effort to disintegrate forcibly the Government of our ally and friend than why the Liberal party of Great Britain should demand that we at once retire from the Philippines or Haiti. The friends of a more strenuous plank, however, were so determined upon their purpose that they sought to attain it by the methods which made Donnybrook Fair famous. Opponents who had the temerity to address the Committee on Resolutions had to be escorted from the committee room under police escort, to ward off the pugnacious Sinn Feiners who interrupted the proceedings with threats of physical attack.

There are few more curious phenomena than the present state of this agitation in the United States, and the complete refusal of the Republicans to give it the slightest heed will probably not antagonize its leaders more than the very insincere lip service they were able to extort from the Democrats.

The close of the actual work of the Convention came suddenly, and I think through sheer weariness on the part of all involved. I am not unaware that there are stories afloat about it having been hastened by a trick, and that had not Governor Cox been nominated on that very ballot his forces would have at once gone to pieces. But this is largely buncombe. In every convention the nomination is accomplished by the agreement of bosses to cast their votes for a candidate for a certain number of ballots. These leaders are sometimes direfully disappointed to discover that the beneficiary has won the prize within the time limit. It was so at Baltimore when the late Roger Sullivan agreed to swing the vote of Illinois to Wilson for five ballots, and spent the rest of his life bitterly regretting he had done so, since the five ballots proved quite enough for the astute Wilson men to put their candidate over.

Here the Convention seemed absolutely deadlocked until the vote before the decisive one. The withdrawal of Palmer did not at first promise a way out, as his forces were nearly equally distributed. It was two o'clock in the morning. Great numbers of the delegates were three thousand miles from home, with hotel bills running up above the highest figure they had intended to spend. There had at no time been the slightest evidence of any possibility of concurrence upon a "dark horse." John W. Davis, the most acceptable of those mentioned, seemed to possess the invincible hatred of the Irish element because of his temerity in representing his country at the British capital. Vice-President Marshall, though earnestly advocated by "Tom" Taggart and widely popular because of his lovable nature, had no real following. Perhaps it was because of the feeling that Bourke Cockran expressed to me. "Nominate Marshall!" exclaimed the veteran Tammany orator. "Me boy, 'twould be like reviving 'Hazel Kirke' for the Broadway of to-day." There were plenty of other aspirants needless to enumerate. But, although I was myself one of those most desirous of seeing some other than one of the three leaders chosen, it was apparent from the first that the Convention was not one in which inconspicuous party service would be recognized. It was a body of politicians gathered to nominate a politician. The fact is that under the glare of seeming confidence there is a very general apprehension of defeat in November, and it was desired to nominate a man who would hold the organization intact for four years hence.

For these reasons a sorely fagged Convention finally tossed the nomination to Governor Cox. The galleries were half emptied because of the lateness of the hour, and forty-four ballots and sessions lasting over a week had sorely tested the capacity of the crowd to enthuse over anything. Most of the Spartan women in the organ loft had gone home. Those who remained looked but coldly upon the tumult wherewith the Makers of Presidents proceeded to acclaim their choice. For that row had been strenuously pro-Administration, and what followed in the watches of the night was a war dance upon the ruins of the Administration power. There was the usual snake dance of singing, cheering delegates. The organ and the band pealed forth sonorously all the political war songs, from "Ohio"—obviously destined to be the marching hymn of both parties this year—to "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" which seems always in order. It was all very true to form—just another replica of the scenes that we political scouts have been witnessing for a quarter of a century or more when a crowd of hero worshipers sets itself to worship the great god Success without reflecting that the big devil Failure may be only four months away.

But later there seemed to me a new note of individuality to this first of all political conventions to be held where our Nation looks out across the Pacific. For, headed by the Ohio band which had so manfully tooted and brayed hour after hour in celebration of the glories of its State and the endeavors of its people, some thousands of us—toward three in the morning—swarmed out into Market Street, by that time bereft of its tramcars and offering its broad perspective to a

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last demonstration. Before us, a mile or more away, the graceful Venetian tower of the Ferry House rose against a dark-blue sky. Behind us bulked the towering Twin Peaks that shut off San Francisco's heart from the ocean. Over their stately eminence shone a great white star, looking down coldly upon the strange mob gathered where the Argonauts of '49 had laid the foundations of the noble city. And so down the street to the rhythmic strains of "Ohio" and shouts of "Cox! Cox! We want Cox!" the crowd marched until the doors of the Palace Hotel engulfed most of them, all as wrought upon by the enthusiasm of the moment, as completely dominated by the immediate worship of the hero of the night, as if the comedy had never been played before. But a certain dignity, a certain novelty, was given to it all by the thought that it was the first bringing of the machinery for the creation of a President out into the land which holds for its watchword, "The world before us; our country at our back."

San Francisco, July 8, 1920.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

WHEN I hear a man lamenting the good old times, I wish that I could put him back in them. After forty-eight hours he would be eager to return to these degenerate days.

In the good old times there were no furnaces in our houses. For heat we depended, at least in the country, on open fires and air-tight stoves. The open fires gave us fresh air and little heat; the air-tight stoves gave heat but little air. I slept in a chamber which never knew a fire; with twenty degrees below zero outside, ugh! but it was cold! Occasionally a warming-pan filled with embers from a fire downstairs was passed over the sheets, but this was an enervating luxury not often permitted to us young folks except in case of sickness. Goodyear had not discovered the uses of india-rubber. In muddy or snowy weather—that is, for eight months in the year in northern Maine—we boys wore heavy boots well greased. What the ladies wore I do not know.

For light we depended on candles and whale-oil lamps. The use of kerosene as a light was unknown. Gas was used in the cities, but it was a luxury for a few. The streets of New York were dimly lighted by oil lamps, which made the surrounding darkness visible. At sundown a lamplighter went around with a ladder upon which he climbed to light the lamps. At sunrise he went around again to extinguish the lamps. No one had so much as dreamed of electric lights. The dark steeets were more or less perilous to the pedestrians at night because they furnished convenient hunting-ground for thieves.

There were no building laws. The homes of the poor were incredibly bad. What is now Central Park was occupied by collections of huts and shanties which squatters had put up on the unoccupied ground. Dogs and goats abounded in this wilderness, and as a boy I would hardly have ventured through the region even in daylight. But I was a timid chap and apt to exaggerate dangers. There were no immigrant regulations. Immigrants were dumped down on the docks, lucky if they escaped the runners who swarmed upon the wharves to pick up customers for the immigrant boarding-houses, where the accommodations were wretched, prices extravagant, and robbery not infrequent. The police, I think, were not uniformed; they were so inefficient that at one time the State took over the duty of policing the city, and during the battle royal between New York and Albany crime ran riot and some serious riots occurred. The only fire companies were composed of volunteers, and occasionally on their way to put out a fire two rival companies would stop for a fight in the street. I believe that conditions were worse in Baltimore. New Yorkers thought so.

Railways were coming into existence, but there were no Pullmans and no sleepers. If you traveled at night, you curled up on your seat in the common car or got out at nightfall to sleep in a tavern and take another train the next morning. The speed of trains averaged from fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour; rarely did it reach thirty miles. Of course there were no diners. The railways generally had but a single track. I started once from New York at eight o'clock in the morning and was landed in Boston at three the next morning. There was a not very heavy snow-storm, but neither was our locomotive very heavy, and we waited for three hours on a siding at one point in our journey for trains to pass us. In going to Washington we left the train at Philadelphia and crossed the city in horse-cars; how the baggage got across I do not recollect. When we reached Baltimore, four horses were hitched to our car and we were hauled through the city, the conductor standing on the front platform and blowing a horn to warn other vehicles to keep out of our way. In the forties I was at a boarding-school in Norwich, Connecticut. I made the journey between the school and my New York home in a steamboat. If there were any staterooms on the boat, they were for the multi-millionaires; or were they only multi-thousandaires? The majority of the passengers slept in a cabin under the water-line, and there was never too much air. Supper was served in the same cabin, and we could not go to bed until the supper things were cleared away. There were wash-basins at one end of the cabin, where we made our morning toilet. There was a separate cabin for the ladies. Am I right in thinking that it was separated from our cabin only by a curtain?

Medicine was hardly a science and modern surgery was unknown because anæsthetics were unknown. I broke my arm. It was badly set and was growing crooked. The New York doctor told me I had to choose between having a crooked arm or allowing him to break it again where it had already begun to knit together. He explained to me that chloroform had just been discovered, but it was somewhat perilous. If I could bear the pain, he advised me against taking chloroform. I followed his advice, and he broke my arm across his knee. He told me that it would hurt—and it did! I have the date of the introduction of anæsthetics fairly firmly fixed in my memory. Of course amputations took place, but I imagine that abdominal surgery was unknown. Tuberculosis was common. The remedy prescribed by the doctors was, Keep the patients out of all draughts. I had a cousin who spent eight or ten years of her life in a stuffy room heated by an air-tight stove, with every door and window carefully closed to exclude fresh air. Cholera visited New York every summer, and every three or four years it was an epidemic. Yellow fever visited our Southern cities every year. Science has now abolished them both.

Slavery existed in half of the United States and spread its darkening influence over the other half. In the first quarter of the nineteenth century there were no anti-slavery societies and prior to the election of Abraham Lincoln anti-slavery meetings held in the North were always liable to be mobbed. Drunkenness was common and there were no temperance societies. The first record that I have found of any such society was of one formed by some hard drinkers in a tavern in Baltimore in April, 1840. To-day no person can be held in slavery under the flag of United States; and the Nation has just taken what is equivalent to a National pledge of total abstinence.

In my boyhood there were no laws for the protection of labor; hours of labor were generally ten, and often twelve, fourteen, or even sixteen. Proposals to interfere by law were bitterly opposed as a violation of the right of contract. Child labor was almost universal; in England little children were harnessed to coal cars in the underground mines and dragged them to the entrance on their hands and

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knees, making little quadrupeds of themselves. Safety appliances on railways and in mines were comparatively if not absolutely unknown.

The public school existed in only half of the United States; there was no industrial education; I believe no normal schools; few good schools for girls, and no colleges for them. The proposal to establish the latter was met with a chorus of protests from conservatives who thought it a conclusive argument against woman's education to call an educated woman a "blue stocking." What was the supposed connection between the color of her stocking and the culture of her head I never knew.

The somewhat widespread notion that the church in America was a great power in the days of our fathers and has lost its power in these degenerate days puzzles me. In the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a missionary society of any kind—home or foreign—in the United States. Religion consisted in going to church twice on Sunday and perhaps to a lecture on Tuesday and a prayer-meeting on Thursday or Friday. There was no Young Men's Christian Association, no Young Women's Christian Association, no King's Daughters, no Salvation Army, no Red Cross. If there were any missionary chapels or missionary Sunday schools in New York City in my boyhood I do not recall that I ever heard of one prior to 1855, and I was a very regular attendant at church services. That I am not in error in this general impression respecting the missionary activity of the American churches in the first half of the nineteenth century is indicated by the picture of life in Washington, the capital of the Nation, given by two recent historians, Henry Watterson in his autobiography and Senator Beveridge in his life of Chief Justice Marshall. The latter thus describes conditions in Marshall's lifetime:

> Except a small Catholic chapel there was only one church building in the entire city, and this tiny wooden sanctuary was attended by a congregation which seldom exceeded twenty persons. This absence of churches was entirely in keeping with the inclination of people of fashion. The first Republican Administration came, testifies Winfield Scott, in "the springtide of infidelity.... At school and college most bright boys of that day affected to regard religion as base superstition or gross hypocrisy." A year or two later religious services were held every Sunday afternoon in the hall of the House of Representatives, which always was crowded on these occasions. The throng did not come to worship, it appears; seemingly, the legislative hall was considered to be a convenient meeting-place for gossip, flirtation, and social gayety. The plan was soon abandoned and the hall left entirely to profane usages.

There were good and great men and women in the good old times who devoted their lives to making the times better: scientists studying nature's laws that they might make her more useful to mankind; doctors investigating the cause of epidemics that they might banish them from the world; temperance reformers trying one experiment after another that they might abolish the saloon—the cause of the greatest of all epidemics; lovers of liberty pondering the problem what could be done under our Constitution, if not to abolish slavery, at least to prevent its further extension; ministers pressing hard upon men their responsibilities for conditions and their duties to their God, their fellow-men, and themselves. We shall not do anything to improve the world by lamenting the degeneracy of our age and endeavoring to restore the conditions we imagine existed in the days of our fathers. Neither shall we contribute to its improvement by thinking it necessary to tear down all that they have built and attempting to rebuild a new civilization on the ruins of the old. The future must grow out of the present, as the present has grown out of the past. It is for us to tackle our problems in the same spirit of courageous hope with which they tackled theirs, to dare correct their errors where they erred, and to honor their memory by continuing their work, that we may leave the world to our children better than we found it, as they have left it to us bettered by their labors.

OUR DEBT TO POLAND

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

FORMER UNITED STATES MINISTER TO DENMARK

SPEAKING recently to an American woman who had just come from Warsaw and who was greatly impressed by the stalwart quality of the Poles, their love of liberty, and, above all, their belief in the things of the mind, I was rather astonished to hear her say, rather despairingly: "What is the use of trying to arouse an interest in Poland among the people of the United States? For we seem ignorant almost of its existence and of the claims of the new nation which has done so much for the world in so many ways."

It seemed to me that the lady was rather pessimistic. Having lived for so many years in Europe, I could not realize that my countrymen knew so little either of the geography of Poland, its resources, its sufferings, and its indomitable love of a democratic liberty not often found outside the United States. It seemed impossible, above all, that they do not realize the love of beauty that these Poles possess and the power of their intellectual achievements.

It would seem that every reader of Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis" would have made himself master of the other novels by this very great author, and thus been saturated with the historical traditions of the most liberty-loving people in the world; but I have found that most of my countrymen stopped at "Quo Vadis." They sunk knee deep in the bloody dust of the arena and seemed to feel that Poland had exhausted herself in presenting the most vivid picture of the Roman decadents yet made by any author of modern times.

To read the Polish historical novels of Sienkiewicz is to receive an impression of the mind of one of the greatest geniuses of the nineteenth century, and that is saying a great deal when we speak of inspired authors of fiction. To know Sienkiewicz is to know old Poland; but for the newer Poland we must turn to other men, and one of these is Reymont, whose full name is Wladyslaws Reymont. And yet Reymont is only a name to us. The renewed interest in Poland and in Poland's attempts to defeat Prussian autocracy on one side and Russian communism on the other may arouse an interest in this very great author of the "Peasants," although the "Comedienne" has other qualities and shows a lighter touch. In fact, Reymont has made of Polish material a veritable history of humanity.

It is perhaps excusable that those Americans not especially interested in the study of comparative literature should not know Reymont; but it does seem inexcusable that they should not know that the foremost English-writing novelist of the world to-day (and his name may be mentioned with less fear of censure from the critics than perhaps any other man) is a Pole—Teodor Josef Konrad Korzeniowski—in a shorter phrase, Joseph Conrad. We cannot imagine Joseph Conrad writing in either of the two alien languages which became hateful to the Poles—the German or the Russian. And it is remarkable, too, that he did not speak a word of English until after he was twenty years of age. To-day we find his style in English as flexible, as charming, and less artificial than that of Robert Louis Stevenson. There is an impression in certain quarters where it is dimly understood that Joseph Conrad is a Pole, born in Warsaw, that he is very little of a Pole in spirit and in aspiration; that he has become entirely Anglicized; and that, while not ashamed of his motherland, he is rather indifferent to her progress, and is inclined to look on her struggle with benevolent indifference.

It gives me great pleasure to offer a

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CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

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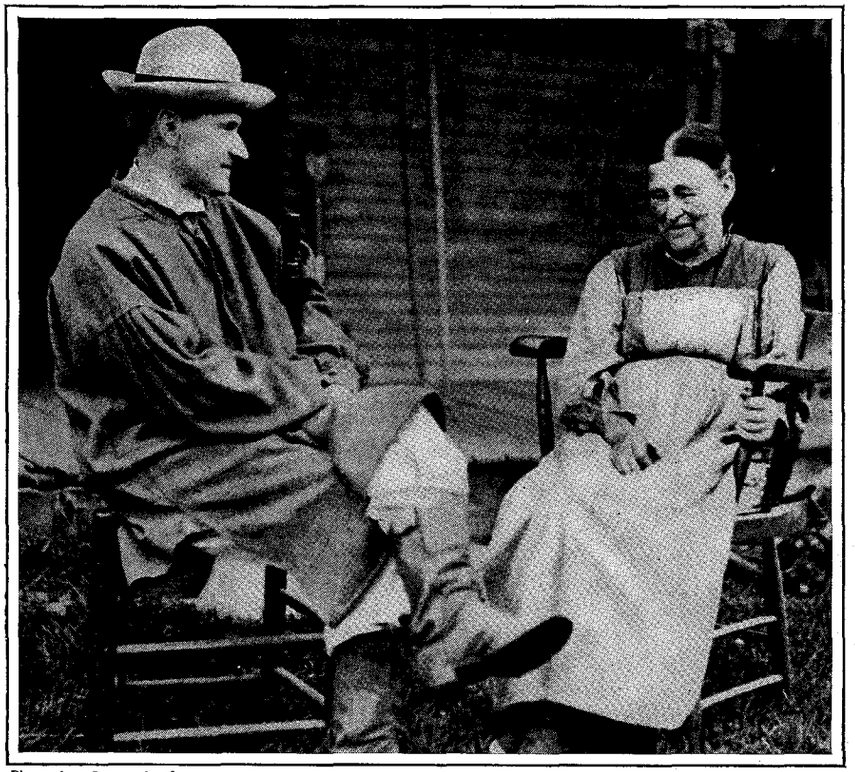
This photograph of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and four of her five children (the eldest son, James, was absent) was taken at the Roosevelt summer home on Campobello Isle

Central News Photo Service

The Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency is here seen addressing his fellow-citizens from his residence in Hyde Park, New York, shortly after his nomination at San Francisco

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY AND HIS FAMILY



Photos from International

GOVERNOR COOLIDGE ON THE FARM

The Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency has been spending his vacation on his father's farm at Plymouth, Vermont. These excellent portraits show how Governor Coolidge appears in his farm clothes. At the left he is talking with the aunt who cared for him in his boyhood on this farm; at the right he is in the hay-field

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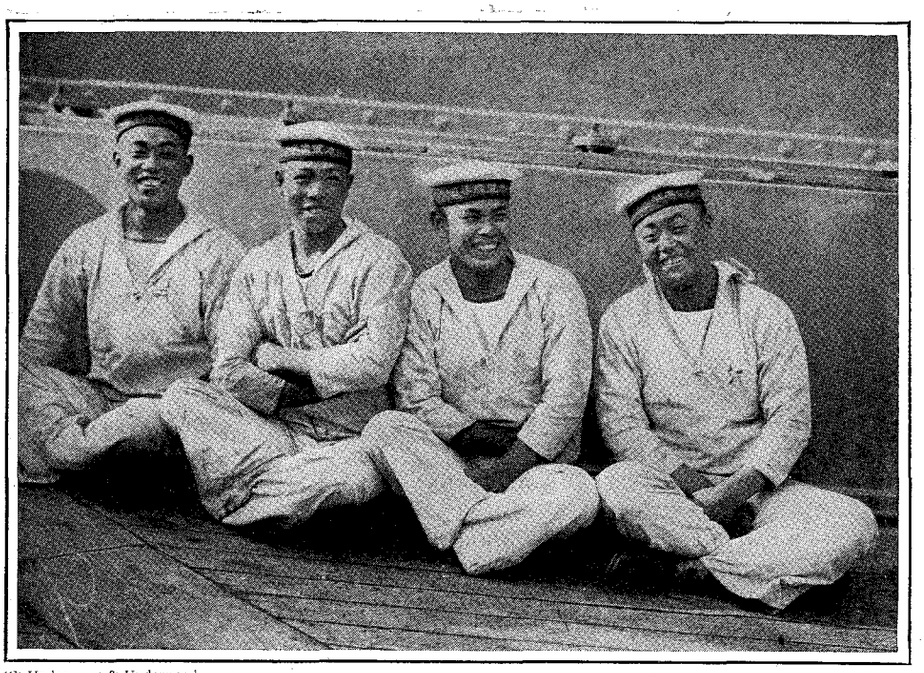
International



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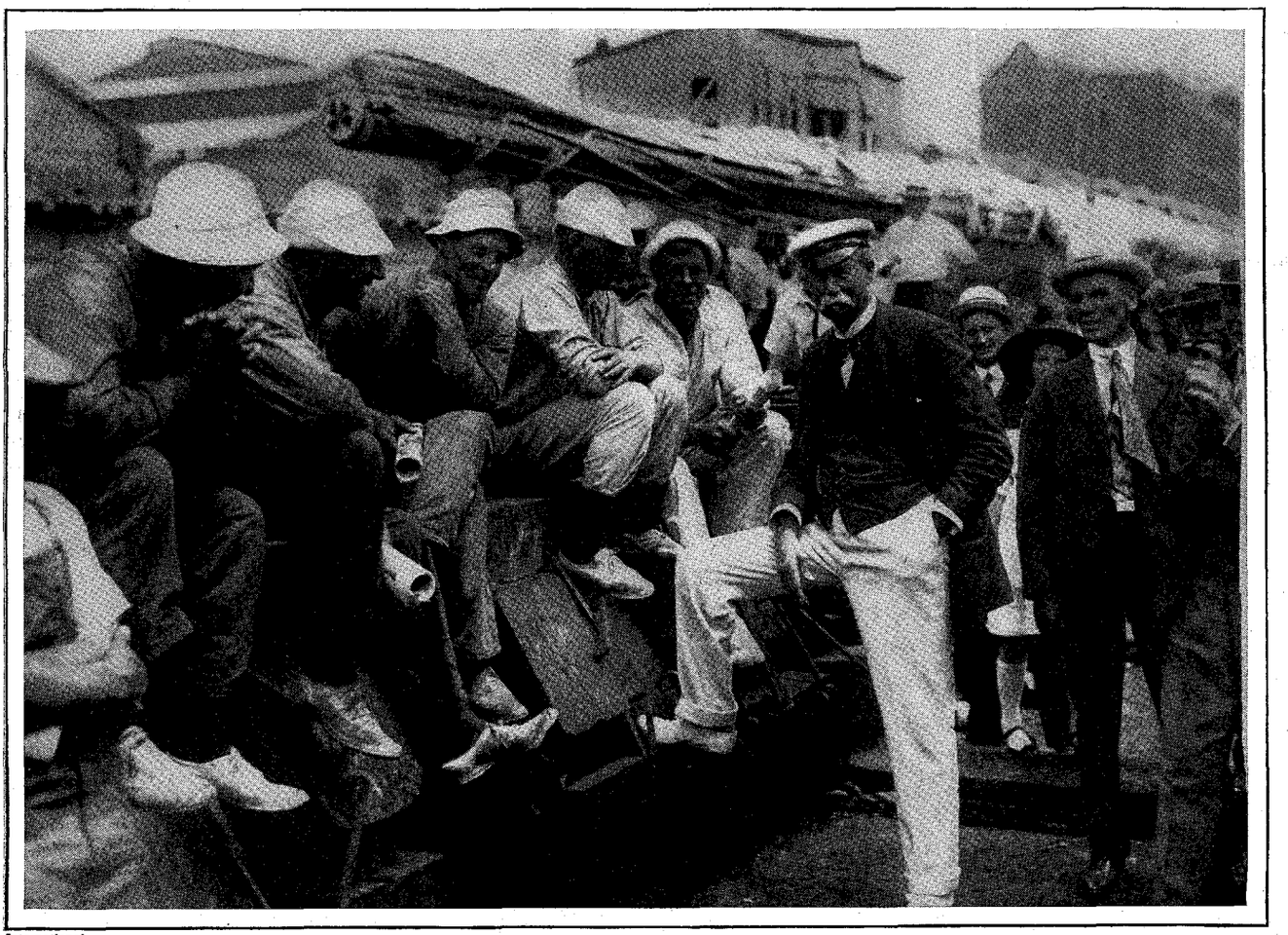
A JAPANESE WAR-SHIP VISITS AMERICA

Here we see the commander and a group of the sailors of the Japanese cruiser Kasuga, which is visiting American ports on its tour of the world. She is under the command of Baron Kamimura (to the left). The Kasuga took part in the Fourth of July celebration at Portland, Maine, at the invitation of the Centennial Society of that place. Her 11,000-mile voyage from Japan, over the route taken, is said to be the longest ever made by a Japanese man-of-war



International

THE OWNER AND CREW OF SHAMROCK IV OFF DUTY

A friendly and free-and-easy view is this of Sir Thomas Lipton, owner of the challenger in the America's Cup races in company with his crew

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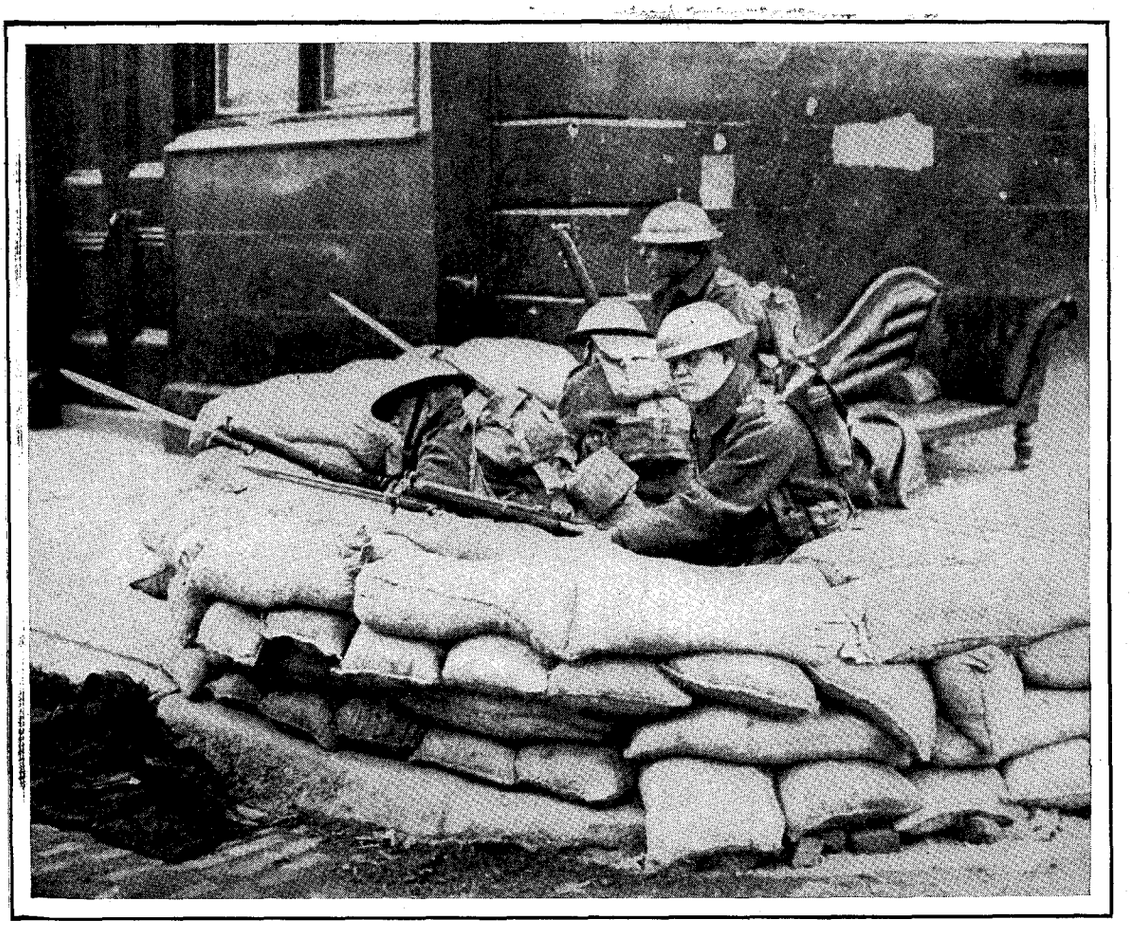
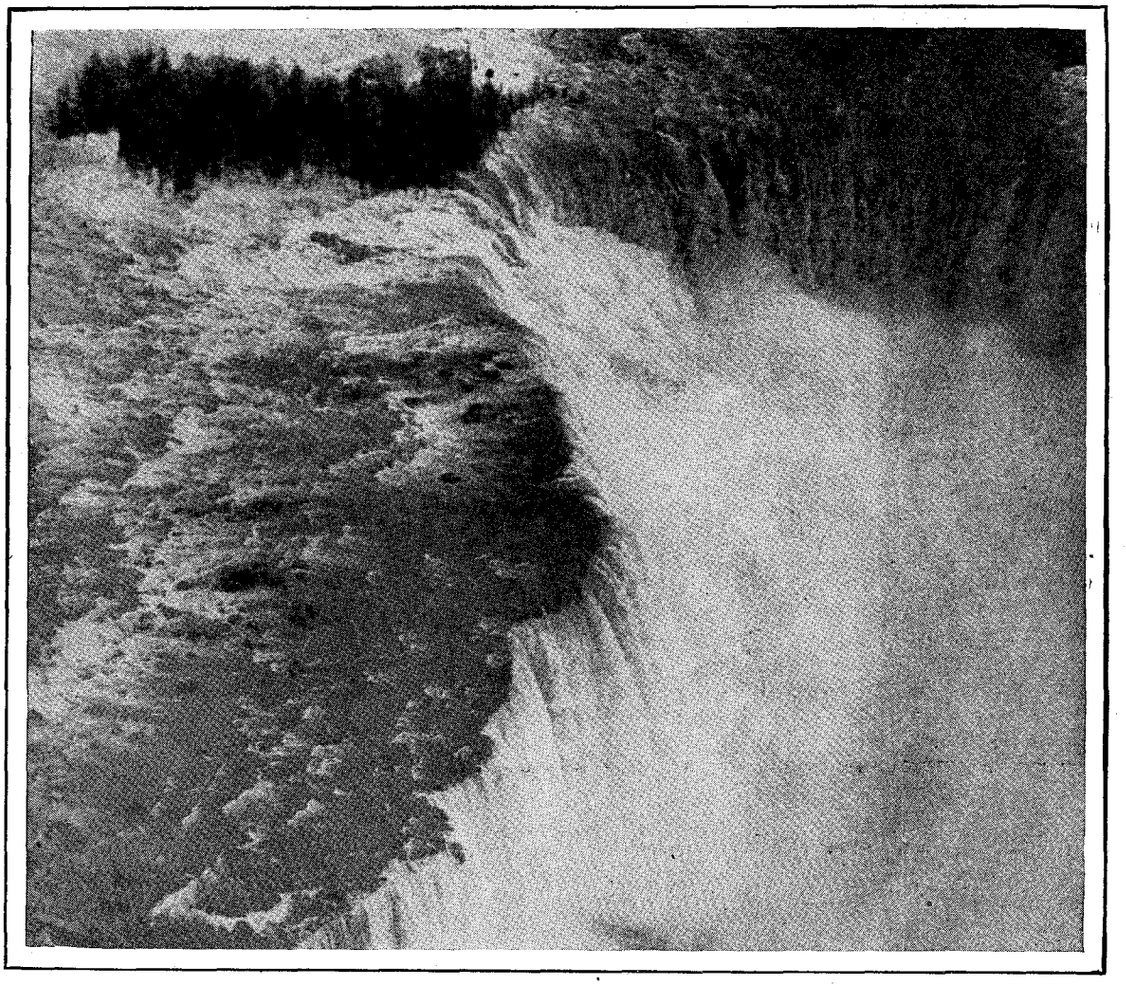


(C) Underwood & Underwood

A WAR SCENE IN IRELAND

This improvised fortification is not in one of the still warring districts of Europe, but on a street corner in Londonderry, Ireland. It was one of the ways in which the loyal military force brought the recent rioting in Londonderry to an end



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A STRIKING AIRPLANE VIEW OF NIAGARA

This is one of a remarkable series of photographs of Niagara Falls taken recently from a Martin bombing plane at an elevation of 350 feet. It shows the Horseshoe Falls with their clouds of spray

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strong refutation of these insinuations. Joseph Conrad himself speaks, and I quote his words, signed by himself and sent from London late in April, to show how fervently the spirit of patriotism and the love of country burn in the heart of this very distinguished man of genius, whose works are the property of the world; but let him speak:

> For Poles the sense of duty and the imperishable feeling of nationality preserved in the hearts and defended by the hands of their immediate ancestors in open struggles against the might of three Powers, and in indomitable defense of crushing oppression for more than one hundred years, is sufficient inducement to insist in reconstructing the independent dignity and usefulness of the reborn Republic, in investing generously in honor of the unconquered dead, in testimony of their own national faith, and for the peace and happiness of future generations.

Joseph Conrad does not utter these words as a mere empty toast, a salutation which is to appeal merely to the sentiment of his people in the United States. He simply states facts which every Pole in every part of the world will acknowledge to be true. But he asks his fellow-countrymen to remember that for the moment the new Republic needs, not alms, not merely charity for the homeless and the penniless—despoiled by two opposing armies—but those sinews of war which Polish financiers know so well how to use.

The army which for a time so successfully opposed the Terrorists of Russia and drove back the hordes of anarchy as Sobieski drove back the enemies of civilization in an older day—for it was the courage of Poland that saved Europe from decivilization—must be supported.

The Polish soldiers are obeying the words of the Scripture—they are not grumbling about their wages nor are they committing unnecessary violence; but they must live, and for a time they are prevented by the urgency of defense from tilling their soil or from using the industries of their nation in the interest of production. Give them success and reasonable time, and the soldiers of Poland will turn their swords into plowshares and to rivets for new industrial machines; but just now they must fight.

They do not ask for extra pay for this fighting; they ask only that they may be fed and clothed until the victory over the forces of autocracy is gained; and for this help Joseph Conrad appeals, not, as I have said before, for alms, but for the use of money; the investment is to be made in honor of those brave men who fought for the freedom of Poland alternately against panther-like Russia, wolf-like Prussia, and lion-like Austria; for, after all, Austria seemed to be the less treacherous of the three deadly enemies of Polish freedom.

"Invest!" Conrad says. "Show your love for liberty by supporting the defenders of liberty." He asks nothing more. A time will surely come when this bread cast upon the waters will return, multiplied many times.

Conrad is not satisfied with this appeal to his countrymen. He raises his voice to the people of America—that Nation whose men have supported liberty everywhere in the world whenever the opportunity came, and who since 1914 have shown an altruism, an idealism, which seemed almost impossible to European nations, who had been forced by traditions and circumstances into the opinion that no great nation with a national conscience existed.

"To Americans," Conrad exclaims, "one appeals for the recognition in the Polish nation of that patriotism, not of the flesh, but of the spirit, which has sustained my countrymen so well in the critical hours of their history." He adds that the Poles and the Americans have common memories of the dawn of liberty. It is not so long ago since the independent existence of the great United States of America was at stake, and in 1776 no country in the world hoped and believed more in the future of the American colonies, freed from Hanoverian tyranny, than oppressed Poland.

The rise of America, free and splendid yet bearing the scars of many wounds, from the Atlantic seemed to them, sick at heart as they were, a promise and a prophecy. The promise and the prophecy which the success of Washington and the brave Poles like Pulaski made real have come true in Poland; but in no country in the world is liberty so much the price of vigilance as in modern Poland. The Poles must fight in order not to be slaves.

The Russian army, officers and men not entirely Bolsheviki, fight against Poland because it is their trade to fight; they know no other trade; they must join some army or other against some enemy or other or become bandits. But the fighting Poles are not soldiers by profession; they are simply soldiers who fight in order that they may get peace. And, knowing this, Conrad reminds us Americans that, as our dreams have come true, assisted by the prayers and the acts of Polish patriots, we ought to help *their* dreams to come true. If in the American Revolution there were not more Poles in the army of Washington, it must be remembered that the Poles had no treasury from which to draw. There was no great body, no wealthy group, such as the clergy in the reign of Louis XVI, from which money could be borrowed, as Louis XVI borrowed from the French clergy to assist the colonies in their struggle for freedom. Poland was poor, but she did what she could.

Conrad goes on with his message: "On the ground of pure humanity and as lovers of perseverance and courage, Americans cannot but feel sympathy for ideals akin to their own; and in Poland to-day is an example of united, unselfish devotion of all hearts and all hands in the work of reconstructing a nation too long harrowed by the hoofs of despotic invaders. The only sound ground of democracy," he adds, "is unselfish toil in a common cause. Americans, I know, wish to help in rebuilding an outpost of Western civilization once overwhelmed by, but never surrendered to, the forces representing what they themselves most detest—inhumanity, tyranny, and moral lawlessness."

Joseph Conrad is looked on as a man of very modern ideas. He is not reactionary in any sense; he is the friend of freedom and of scientific investigation, and when he speaks of the diseased communism which rules Russia and which attacks Poland as "moral lawlessness" his testimony is worth consideration.

He asks us to revive our old spirit of pioneering times. Americans proudly claim to have been the pioneers of civilization in the West; they have followed the star of empire—of a free empire—with the plow, the spade, and the book. It is to this pioneering spirit, never dead in us, that Conrad appeals. To save Europe is to defend Poland. If Russia is permitted to regain the fruits of that terrible partition of this defenseless country done by the ruthless Catherine, if Poland is so weakened that she shall again become the prey of Prussian autocracy, which yet works secretly and efficiently, or if she is allowed to fall into despair because of the neglect of the friends of a free democracy, the reproach will be ours. Conrad and the Polish intellectuals, Conrad representing the spirit of liberty, may well say that—

> Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
> And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!

If we only knew how those Poles holding their frontier in order to save the freedom of their nation believe in us, we would take Joseph Conrad's words deeply to heart. He is not a political patriot, he is as pure in intention as Paderewski; he has not expatriated himself, he has been exiled. A lover of liberty, of the sea, a sailor by nature as well as by vocation, a dreamer and a doer, unstained by base uses, he appeals with a childlike faith to Americans, not merely to give or to invest, but to *understand*. And it must be admitted that it is hard for us to understand, regal in our freedom, almost too arrogant in the belief of the power of our liberty and of our democracy, the fearful struggle which these Poles are making against all those powers of darkness which we helped to fight during the late war.

It is well to quote Joseph Conrad, for he is an unimpeachable witness of the truth. His love for humanity and the perfection of the art with which he expresses it have made him great among the devotees of beauty and art and righteousness in our generation. If other men's words may be doubted because of the suspicion of partisanship or of unregulated passion or mere fanaticism, his may not be, for he has always shown himself to be an apostle of truth as he sees it with sincere eyes.

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MILKING TIME

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

TO one under the spell of a Cumberland springtime the milking hour is the most beautiful of all the day. The cow yard stretches off and away up the mountain, fading into the mysterious brown shadow of the forest, against which the dogwood breaks in a filmy lace of white. Just on the other side of the fence runs the sheep pasture, strewn with gray boulders. Gray and glimmering like the stones, the sheep go cropping. Below on the slope toward the hidden creek bed lies the orchard. The pear trees are fountains of showering white. The gnarled old apple trees are just breaking into misty green and hesitant pink. Below the trees the homely square bee-gums show. From the creek bed below the orchard the deep-green spruce trees show their pointed tops, and over them extend the lean arms of chestnuts not yet in leaf. Beyond all tower the triple peaks of Craggy against the pale-gold sky. The mountains are iridescent, green and blue, shot by shadow streaks where the ravines run. There is always the rushing music of unseen water and the tinkle of distant cow-bells from far coves.

But the magic of the milking hour would not be the same if I did not have my two boon comrades to share it, for to them too it is the happiest hour of the twenty-four—Ma Duncan, my farmhouse hostess, and fifteen-year-old Mabel, her "least one," as the mountain people say of a youngest child. Ma Duncan eludes the snapshot of any pen. She is lean, keen, gypsy-eyed and gypsy-hearted, the mother of eight of her own blood and body, and a mother in Israel, after her own highly individual fashion, to all the mountain. To photograph Ma Duncan one needs a phonograph. Says Ma Duncan of a blossoming blackberry thicket weaving its long white arms in a wind-blown dance: "Now what but a God could have made all that beauty? Yet there's some says there ain't no God!" Or, as we follow the rocky path where the gray-pink laurel brightens the deep green to right and left, "There's a-plenty of beauty spread by God all around us if only the heart is right to see it." And this, verbatim, is Ma Duncan on her first hearing a phonograph: "It played 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' Twenty people stood around and listened, and it seemed awful to me that an inanimate object made of brass should be praisin' the Lord like that, and we standin' there silent, and lettin' it do the singin'." But don't picture dear Ma Duncan as anybody's saint. She is proud of this tale of applied religion, a tale belonging to her girlhood, dated some forty years back:

Ma Duncan (Ailie) and her twin (Annie) were "sweethearting" with two "city fellers" who had come to the mountain for a Sunday afternoon stroll. Ailie gives Annie the tip, "Show 'em that mountain girls amount to somethin'." They wait their best opportunity, and it comes when "one of them fellers starts in a-braggin' that he don't believe in the power of prayer. After a while we come to a foot-log, and the water awful high under it and the rocks a-showin' their teeth. The foot-log was just two narrer rails. I winks to Annie to go ahead, and then I let them fellers get out to the middle and I come last, and then Annie and me we jumps up and down on that foot-log, and I says to them boys, 'Now pray!' and we never quit jumpin' until they did pray, and they prayed right, too!"

Yet my city friends wonder why I love my mountains, and a distant one wrote me the other day that I now have the chance to "give the gleam" to the "mountain whites." I! Why, I have never sat at a table where I heard livelier repartee or more wit and wisdom; if it's somewhat ungrammatically expressed, it is pungent with a vocabulary novel to me, and quick with humor perfectly conscious and clever.

To describe Mabel I need say only that I have never known so delightful a comrade of a walk. Although Mabel has plodded month after month, year after year, through a day of drudgery fifteen hours long, all her soul has found comfort in out-of-doors. Her hands deep in dirty dish-water, she gazes out of the window at the moon with shining eyes. She leads me by paths of beauty. She takes me to her "secret places," remote and lovely, where she has stolen, she tells me, alone with Bessie, the old cat, when she wanted to cry. "Seems as if I could never let anybody see me cry, so I take old Bessie; seems like she understands, she's such a dear old cat, and we go a-walkin', and I come back a-laughin' at my own foolishness." The story of a bygone doll is characteristic: "Once a lady who had boarded here sent us a doll, and I guess it was for me because I was still small, but the other girls wanted it, and we was fussin' over it. Then I says, 'It's all of us's,' and after that we always called her by that name, 'All of Us's.'"

No, milking time would not be the same without Ma Duncan and Mabel. They love the hour and the place as much as I do, and they love the gentle beasties a great deal more. There are a great many gentle beasties present at the milking, and, to tell the truth, they're not all gentle—being much too hungry for manners. It is a Southern mountain milking, and to Yankee eyes curiously casual. For uncounted years Ma Duncan has been climbing the little rise to the barnyard, and always, with full pails or empty, she has had to clamber over a rail fence to reach the spot they call "the milk-gap." The cows are never tethered for the milking process. They are temperamental creatures, these mountain cattle, and they wander when and where they list, while the milkers go tumbling after. I have seen Mabel stump along on her knees for rods, one hand grasping her lard pail, the other clutching at her treating animal as it ambles at will over the pasture.

It is my task to guard the milk-pail from hungry marauders, feathered or four-footed. Ravenous chicks and hens and geese go whirring toward the frothy mass under my very elbows. A little black pig patters, nuzzling and wuffing, under my feet. Old Bessie, the dignified grandmother cat, and her skittish grandchild have sly ways of approaching needing my vigilance. All this when the milk-gap is a spot so beautiful that it makes your heart throb in your throat.

For Ma Duncan and Mabel this is the hour when they laugh most, when they say the things I most want to hear. The lively animals about us excite comment or invite reminiscent comparison with the dear departed. Mabel tells me a tale of many cats, remembered for gentle character as well as for variety of tragic deaths. There was one, Lily Altheno which was "tricksy and loving," but suffered an untimely cremation by being inadvertently shut up in the oven. There was a white kitten, "a gentle, sweet natured cat," which was swallowed by "a big yellow rattlesnake—a big old round rattlesnake;" there was "Old Diddleo," the great hunter, which once at the cleaning out of the corn crib caught forty seven rats in an hour, "a peck measure full of rats," but which was "so industrious she went hunting at night and got caught in a trap set for a hawk." There was Old Kit, which was "very much kin" to Bessie, and which had "oodles of kittens," but which so far forgot herself as to eat a guinea chick, and so had to be tied up and left to die "in a lonesome old field poor old soul." There was "Old Meouwer," which when the youngsters went flower hunting "walked ahead and never let us get out of her sight," scouting the path for rattlers, and which always followed them to school until she was so old she "couldn't hardly meouw, she had a weak old voice," and which at last met death as the result of a wound. A boy stuck a pin in her eye, "a little old mean boy four years old." Thus they live in my fancy, the cats Mabel has loved. Her eyes are brooding with memories, but her lips laugh. "Seems like I'm runnin' out of cats. Shall I tell you about hens now? You see Yallery over there? Yallery and Bessie are my pets now. I have the funniest little pets, so patient and endurin', Yallery and Bessie. Listen to her. Yallery has the fanciest little cluck." Yallery is a draggled, duty driven hen which has raised several families of goslings and turkeys, and is ready to mother any brood offered her.

Ma Duncan adds her own to Mabel's eulogy of Yallery. "If you want anything to bust its shell and start right out in business, put it under Yallery." Ma Duncan is full of comment on life and humanity, while her practiced brown

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hands work away. "This is about as near the fountain of life as this world can afford," she says of her frothing lard pail. Again she chuckles as she regards a curiously assorted group of geese—three of them, goose, gander, and hobbledehoy gosling—who waddle and squawk about us. Never a gosling so tended and pampered, never a pair of parents more harmonious in solicitude and devotion. The curious part is that they are actually not parents at all, but merely a chance couple unconnected by consanguinity either to the strutting gosling or to each other. "See," Ma Duncan says, "even a goose can have a heart of love; I'll not mind being called a goose after this."

After the milking there waits in the dusky kitchen a great pile of unwashed dishes, but in the Cumberland we do not allow life to be over-driven by dish-washing. In the orchard Ma Duncan sets down her pails and flings herself full length on the ground for a ten minutes' rest, chuckling and happy, excusing herself with, "It's good to lay right down on the earth sometimes and let it do the thinking for you."

I sink down on a lichened boulder, Mabel leans against a pear tree whose snow is growing dim with evening. Very slowly the mountains dull; all the green passes first, then all the blue, leaving only a misty gray outline against the deepening sky. We three do not move or talk as once more our milking hour draws to its close. The earliest stars come slowly pricking forth out of the dusk. Birds are speaking from trees folded in twilight. They use no full song, but only clear, single calls, for comradeship and reassurance before the night

HUMAN HELPFULNESS ORGANIZED

BY GUY EMERY SHIPLER

APPROXIMATELY 130,000 persons in the city of Cincinnati live in tenements. The death rate from tuberculosis was, before 1919, the highest in any city of the United States with the exception of one. Out of the city's population of 402,258 people, 4,000 were afflicted with tuberculosis and 758 died in 1919. Before that date the death rate from tuberculosis was 900 a year. According to the most recent official statement, "the daily sum total of human misery in Cincinnati involves 35,000 human beings."

One might go on at some length compiling the tragic list. But for the moment I am concerned with the lights in the picture rather than the shadows, for if the shadows are dark the lights are correspondingly brilliant.

Many of the best-informed social workers in America will tell you that the most efficiently organized social work, and the social work with the most effective channels of good will, is to be found in Cincinnati. They will tell you that here is the closest approach to social work that is scientific almost to mathematical precision, and yet rich in consideration for those in need—the consideration which emanates from a spirit of good will rather than from a spirit of patronage.

This organization of social work is well called by those engaged in it "social engineering." And the history of its development is one of the remarkable chapters in the story of city life.

For many years the social workers of the Queen City, representing an amazing and, to the outsider, bewildering complexity of social agencies, have known one another and mingled with one another and exchanged ideas with one another like a family. Years ago the Social Workers' Club was organized, and in its monthly meetings functioned as an open forum where the most advanced social thinkers and workers of the country came to tell their stories, and where the members spoke plainly of their theories, their difficulties, and their grievances against one another, but particularly against the reactionary city and State politicians who consistently tried to block the enlightened welfare legislation planned and fostered by the Club. Now and then the members went off on a picnic together, to have a bit of real fun themselves as a foil for the task of constantly creating fun, relief, and enlightenment for others. It is safe to say that no social worker who entered the field in Cincinnati could long successfully resist the forces that made for good fellowship with every other social worker in the city. To this rare spirit and practice of fellowship has been due the success of Cincinnati's social work.

When the great flood of March, 1913, broke over southern Ohio, cutting off cities from communication with the outside world for several days, crushing out lives and tearing houses from their foundations, to culminate finally in the Ohio River and submerge the "flats" along the river-front in Cincinnati, it was also to create, indirectly, the most efficient social service machine which has taken form in any place in America, so far as I know. The spring flood has long been a normal part of the city's life. On those rare years when the Ohio doesn't rise sufficiently to drive hundreds of families out of their houses along the river-front, accomplishing incidentally the annual house-cleaning, the people of Cincinnati feel that they have been deprived of a real bit of their rightful inheritance, and the family of social workers wonder how they can earn their salaries.

But the flood of 1913 went beyond the limits of good taste and tradition. The social workers, remembering the lean years of no floods, rolled up their sleeves—which means literally that they got into high rubber boots and skiffs—and went to work. Night and day they struggled with the problems of relief, driving the complicated machinery of the multitude of social agencies they represented to the last limit. Hundreds of families, marooned on the second floors of their homes, had to be supplied with food. I remember floating along in a skiff on a level with the tops of the lamp-posts and handing baskets of food through second-story windows to greedy hands. The food supply had to be organized, and back of the various centers of organization stood the whole city, glad to do whatever it was asked to do. The problems of caring for the sick, of supplying fuel and clothing, were only phases of the intricate task. Somehow, because of that remarkable family spirit among the social workers, the thing was done.

But when the flood had spent itself the workers realized that the family machine had creaked badly, and had threatened at times to break down completely. The multitude of organizations which they represented had overlapped, had got in one another's way, had expended a startling amount of energy that ought to have been conserved. It must not happen again. The family must be reorganized. And the man to accomplish that reorganization was happily at hand.

Mr. William A. Norton, representing youth and brains and vision, had come to Cincinnati in the days when its political life made good copy for the magazines which were given to revealing the sad pictures of our municipal governments to assist the Bureau of Municipal Research. This Bureau was an organization which had much to do with the reform administration which broke the twenty-seven-year grip of the "Cox Gang" on the city's heart. When the flood succeeded in getting the social workers into a fine tangle, Norton, loving tangles of a social sort better than all things in life as presenting alluring problems for his restless brain, was waiting for the new task. He created the Council of Social Agencies.

Now there are similar councils in other cities, but I doubt if any one of them has functioned as successfully as that in Cincinnati. From the day when Norton set the new machine in place, aided and abetted by leading business men, social workers, university professors, and clergymen, it has developed an amazing capacity to lift the burdens from those thousands in Cincinnati who suffer from the maladjustments of our social life. It has brought students of social machinery from every city in the land to study its intricate and yet simple structure. And, best of all, it has brought to the rank and file of the people of the Queen City a consciousness of social responsibility.

To quote from its annual report, "The Council of Social Agencies is not

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a separate organization but a federation of all of the social agencies of the city, planning and working together on common programmes. It bears the same relation to the ninety-seven public, civic, and social agencies of Cincinnati that the clearing-house does to the banks. To borrow a phrase from the commercial world, it is 'the mark of service.'"

Two delegates are appointed from each of the ninety-seven organizations. These constitute the General Council. They choose an Executive Board of twenty-five members and five officers, ten members of which must be contributors to the various agencies, with ten members who are active social workers. This Board appoints the Director, who is the general executive officer of the Council.

Among all the effective phases of work represented by the Council—by far too numerous to mention in this brief article—probably the most remarkable from the standpoint of having created a responsive social consciousness in the community is the Central Budget Committee.

In the year 1917 twenty-nine of the agencies represented in the Council—a number now increased to seventy, including all of the larger agencies, with an annual budget of $3,000,000—organized the Budget Committee by each appointing a member of the Committee from the membership of its board. This was before the days when great concentrated financial drives had made the cities of America conscious of their giving power, but these agencies pooled their financial interests, agreeing to raise by a joint campaign the funds for all. Each agreed to submit to the Committee its budget for the following year, and to abide by the findings of the Committee, cutting the budgets if the Committee recommended such cuts. The Committee, in joint monthly meetings, was to hold final power in disbursing the collected funds to each agency.

Those who were interested in the plan saw that, if it worked, it meant a revolution in the methods of social work. Under the prevailing method, in vogue not only in Cincinnati but in nearly all other cities, each organization raised its own funds, at an average cost of fifteen per cent—a cost which brought upon social work the public's reproach of "What's the use of giving money to social work when the greater part of what we give pays the cost of solicitation?" Furthermore, the public was constantly harassed by solicitations that followed one upon the other. It was estimated that under the Central Budget plan the cost of solicitation would be cut to three per cent or under. And if the plan should succeed and all the agencies of the city should combine for the once a year campaign for all the social work of the city, perhaps the two per cent of citizens who gave ninety per cent of all money given for social work could be materially increased.

But the problem of reaching the ear of the public and preparing it for intelligent co-operation in the campaign remained. Associated with Norton in the work of the Council was Mr. C. M. Bookman, a young Cincinnati business man whose real interest lay in social work rather than business, and who since the departure of Mr. Norton for work in another city has been Director of the Council. Searching one day for a slogan that would express the inner purpose of social service at its best and at the same time impress itself upon the imagination of the public, he hit upon the phrase "human helpfulness." The rank and file of people still thought of scientific social service as they thought of the old "organized charity." It was scientific, perhaps, but it was also cold and rather heartless. Bookman believed that his two words, expressing as they did the real purpose of the social work for which the Council stood, would reach the heart and the mind of the public. And they did.

For over a week before the opening of the campaign those words burned themselves into the thoughts of every man, woman, and child of Cincinnati. Wherever they turned, whether to newspapers, billboards, street banners, window cards, or the morning's mail on their desks, those words pursued them. Social service was human helpfulness, and the Council of Social Agencies was going to ask them to open their pocketbooks and be humanly helpful. To the general run of people the Council of Social Agencies had meant nothing; it was "one of these fad organizations." Now it was pushing itself at them in terms of decent human thoughtfulness, of good will, of neighborliness. Cincinnati was being educated in social responsibility.

When the campaign opened with teams composed of leading business men, professional men and women, and social workers, everybody in the city seemed to know that the campaign was one for human helpfulness. And they knew something of the kind of work many of the agencies in the Council were doing to express that helpfulness.

Down in one of the dim city streets, where tiny tailor shops seemed to breed so abundantly that one wondered who wore all the clothes, I talked with men bending over their pressing-irons whose faces betrayed at once their pride of understanding when I spoke of the campaign. Yes, they thought this idea of helping people who were poor was a fine thing. Most of them were poor themselves. The slovenly little shops, the children playing around, the women hovering about in the background, showed that, though one had not known the poverty line of the city. But their hands reached down in their pockets and they gave their bit, often a surprisingly large bit, gladly. Mr. Bookman's magic words had done their work.

Up on the hill-tops people who had given in hundreds in other years now often gave in thousands, and gave intelligently. Bank presidents, owners of department stores, bookkeepers, stenographers, shop-girls, street-car conductors, policemen, poured their dimes or dollars or hundreds of dollars into the common fund for expressing neighborliness. Each year increasing numbers have given. When the great war drives came, Cincinnati had already learned to give easily.

The rules governing the admittance of social agencies to the Council are so strict that the taking in of an organization automatically guarantees the worthiness of that organization. The giver is no longer harassed by innumerable solicitations by organizations the value and purpose of which he does not know. He gives once annually for all social service work for the year, with the satisfaction of knowing that he has made no mistake. In the campaign, when the budget total of each of the seventy social agencies is laid before him he may designate his gift for one or more of the agencies, or he may give to the undesignated fund, allowing the Central Budget Committee to make the disbursements, a Committee composed of some of the keenest business men and social workers in the city. He knows that trained business sense, trained social sense, and hearts and minds fired with zeal for human helpfulness will make every penny of his gift count to the full. If during the year he is asked directly for help by a person he does not know, he can determine by going to his telephone whether that person has appealed to any agency in Cincinnati for relief. In the Confidential Exchange of the Council is a collection of sixty thousand cards carrying the accumulated information of years with regard to dependent families and others who apply.

And the Council knows no creed save that expressed in its slogan, "human helpfulness," for men and women of all creeds find in the Council a clearing-house for their good will. The Bureau of Catholic Charities, the Salvation Army, the United Jewish Charities, and the various organizations such as the Associated Charities, the Hospital Social Service, the Consumers' League, the Juvenile Protective Association, the Y. M. C. A., the Anti-Tuberculosis League, and all the others, representing Jews, Roman Catholics, and Protestants, work together for lifting, so far as may be, the burden of the oppressed.

For the benefit of the business man who is interested in costs one ought to add this fact: During the current year the cost of the campaign and the administration of the Community Chest is met by special contributions and interest on the funds deposited, and does not exceed two per cent of the funds collected.

I venture the assertion that the average citizen in Cincinnati knows more about the problems of feeble-mindedness, juvenile delinquency, bad housing, unemployment, and the long list of other ills which fester in our social structure than the average citizen of any other city. By its skillful methods of organization and its unceasing propaganda the Council of Social Agencies has touched the heart of the city with the sordid story of social ills—a story which will haunt the homes of the more fortunate until the social life is made new.

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

A QUAKER SINGER'S RECOLLECTIONS[1]

MR. BISPHAM has given pleasure to music lovers by his arts of singing and acting; in this volume he proves himself possessed of another art, and that one by no means common—the art of an entertaining *raconteur*. In the estimation of many readers no kind of book is more enjoyable than a successful example of the class of anecdotal memoirs, to which the present work belongs. It may be described as being in its field what Mr. G. W. E. Russell's "Collections and Recollections" or Judge Daly's "Life of Augustin Daly" are in other fields. Mr. Bispham has had a wide acquaintance, here and abroad, with singers and actors, with men of note in literature, art, and public life, and with odd characters and eccentric men of genius. He has innumerable stories or bits of experience and conversation to relate, and his sense of humor is of the keenest. Perhaps the quality and character of the book may best be presented here by a few excerpts of passages here and there. Apart from the reminiscential side, however, it should be noted that these "Recollections" have a special interest for those music lovers who hope to achieve professional success; not only giving them a glimpse at one artist's struggles and victory through hard work, but showing them "how necessary it is to have, in the first place, the natural ability, then the inner urge to prosecute their studies intelligently, the impulse to continue against opposition, and the determination to endure to the end."

The life of the boy David in the quiet Quaker circles of Philadelphia included nevertheless a few vivid pictures of war happenings, notably his recollection of coming home after Lincoln was assassinated and finding his mother in a paroxysm of tears and exclaiming, "Our savior has been killed!" while David himself had such a clear memory of Lincoln's appearance, as seen by the boy when he was only five years old, that when he saw Barnard's sketch for the Lincoln statue that caused so much controversy he was able to insist that, while the head was a fine study, the sculptor "entirely misunderstood the body of Lincoln, and wrought out his conception in evident and utter disregard of what Lincoln looked like." A Lincoln story of later date, and one not before told in print, we believe, is that of the great President disturbed by a quarrel of his two boys: Calling the boys before him, he sternly demanded the cause of the trouble. Tad in tears replied, "Bob's got my ball and I want it." The President turned to his other son and said, "Bob, give Tad his ball to keep him quiet." Bob refused, defiantly saying, "I won't! It's mine; and I want it to keep *me* quiet!" Another early recollection was that of the popular excitement about Jenny Lind and the request made in the papers that ladies should come without their crinolines in order that more people might be seated in the hall.

Even as a lad David, while working in the drudgery of the wool business, found time to join various musical clubs, and it was at an amateur concert of the Orpheus Club that he was presented to General Grant. He relates this incident:

> The chief hostess of the occasion, turning to the President and indicating with a wave of her hand the assembled men of the Orpheus Club, said, "And now, Mr. President, what would you like these gentlemen to sing for you?" Grant, in his blunt and rather callous way, replied, "Anything you please, madame; I don't know one note from another." We sang none the better, I suppose, for knowing that the guest of the occasion had no enjoyment in our performance; however, we sang for the President of the United States, and that was something.

Not all of the good Friends approved of David's musical leanings. One of them,

Hartsook, Los Angeles

DAVID BISPHAM

so Bispham was told long after, pointed to him as he passed, saying: "Does thee see that young man going along there singing? Well, he is the grandson of an old friend of mine, but I tell thee he isn't going to come to any good, for he is always fooling around after music."

There are many recollections of the famous tenor Sims Reeves, with whom Bispham appeared in a series of concerts when Reeves was sixty-eight years old. Reeves's wife managed him very carefully, frequently preventing him from keeping his engagements. But when Bispham was on one occasion forced to miss a concert he received the crushing telegram: "A Reeves can scarcely afford to disappoint an audience; certainly not a Bispham!" Reeves was fond of telling stories about the Scotch. Thus, says Bispham:

> Upon this tour I had an opportunity of seeing for the first time Burns's country and of making acquaintance with the bagpipes upon their native heath; and Reeves told me the story of the Scot who meets in the street a friend broadly smiling. "Eh, Sandy, what it is makes ye look sae happy the day?" says he, and Sandy answers, "Eh, mon, I dreamit that I was in heeven. I dreamit there was seeven-an'-thirrty pipers a' playin' deeferent tunes at the same time in a sma' room. Eh, it was just heeven!"
>
> The statement I once heard that the Scotch are very earnest but hardly serious enough is contradicted by the tale of the man who came down an Edinburgh street on a Sunday morning with a lilt in his walk and a tune on his lips. A friend stopped with "Eh, mon, have a care, have a care. You'd better mind what you're aboot!" "What is the matter?" asked the smiling man. "Have a care, mon," warned the other. "You look a'most as happy as if it were Monday."

Mr. Bispham speaks feelingly of the need of singers and actors to learn how to do their work "quietly, accurately, systematically, and without giving trouble to the management." Of one exasperating woman concert singer her manager exclaimed: "Confound these women, the older they get, and the worse they sing, the more the people want to see them, the more money they demand, the less they'll do, and the more trouble they make."

Actors generally take criticism pretty well—at least those at the top do, and especially, Mr. Bispham says, Irving and Beerbohm Tree. But he adds: "Tree never quite relished the caustic wit of W. S. Gilbert, whom I heard make his famous commentary on Tree's performance of Hamlet. A number of the actor-manager's friends came on the stage at the Haymarket Theater after his first appearance in that difficult rôle, and Tree asked Gilbert frankly how he liked his impersonation of the melancholy Dane. Gilbert with a look of ingenuous innocence replied: 'My dear fellow, I never saw anything so funny in my life, and yet it was not in the least vulgar.' In further conversation Gilbert contributed his bit to the solution of the Shakespearean enigma by saying: 'Hamlet, you know, was a man idiotically sane, with lucid intervals of lunacy.'"

When Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Bispham were discussing the project of an endowed theater for plays and musical performances to meet the tastes and wants of cultured people rather than to cater to the mob of money-spenders, many stories came up of "men who now direct the dramatic destinies of America, men uninterested in theatrical progress, unable to recognize good drama when offered them, ignorant of the past of the theater or the literature of the stage, and without holdings in any of the finer arts."

> To one of these came a youthful artist with sketches for the scenery and costumes of a forthcoming production. "Who'll carry them out?" asked Mr. Manager. The young man in a spirit of pleasantry suggested the name of Michael Angelo; with the unexpected reply, "I'll have none of those damned Irishmen about the place!"
>
> A good play of which Major André was the hero was brought out by a firm of Broadway managers. The public was not attracted by the story of a British spy in Revolutionary times, and the play was a failure. Said one partner to the other, "Why didn't you tell me Major André was a spy?" Said the other partner to the one, "How did I know he was a spy!"
>
> Mrs. Sarah Lemoyne and Otis Skinner put on the stage as a play Robert Browning's dramatic poem, "In a Balcony." Such a work produced by two such capable actors attracted the most favorable attention of those interested in the best, wherever the piece was given. News of its success was brought to one of the gentry who then commanded Broadway, and he was asked why he did not do something of

[1] A Quaker Singer's Recollections. By David Bispham. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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the same sort. "Who is this fellow Browning?" he asked; and he was told that Browning was a poet. "Well," said the manager, "tell him to come around Monday and show me some of his stuff."

Altogether friendly and agreeable in tone and substance, one lays down this volume with the feeling that he has held pleasant converse with a man of culture and cheerfulness.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

Open the Door. A Novel. By Catherine Carswell. Harcourt, Brace, & Howe, New York.

Salome. The Importance of Being Earnest. Lady Windemere's Fan. By Oscar Wilde. (The Modern Library of the World's Best Books.) Boni & Liveright, New York.

Unseen Hands. By Robert Orr Chipperfield. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.

Wings: Tales of the Psychic. By Achmed Abdullah. The James A. McCann Company, New York.

Wunpost. By Dane Coolidge. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Boys' Book of the World War (The). By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Illustrated. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston.

When I Was a Boy in Scotland. By George McPherson Hunter. Illustrated. The Lothrop, Lee, & Shepard Company, Boston.

ART AND MUSIC

More Chapters of Opera. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Musical Motley (A). By Ernest Newman. The John Lane Company, New York.

Musical Portraits. Interpretations of Twenty Modern Composers. By Paul Rosenfeld. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

American Era (The). By H. H. Powers. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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THE YELLOWSTONE PARK QUESTION

In your issue of July 7, under the title "Another Hetch-Hetchy," are printed extracts from letters referring to the irrigation assault on the Yellowstone National Park. I have no doubt as to the good faith of the persons who wrote these letters, but I am compelled to doubt the accuracy of their information in respect to the possibilities of providing a great irrigation reservoir in a dammed Yellowstone Lake, and at the same time retaining the scenic beauty which seems to be desirable.

The proponents of one of these schemes for using the Yellowstone National Park insisted that their plan for damming the Fall River Basin would result in creating "a beautiful lake" instead of an unpleasant marsh. An examination of the actual situation throws much doubt on the *beauty* of any lake which might thus be created. The water to be impounded is that which results from the melting of snows, and consequently any lake which would be formed by the erection of a dam would be at its maximum height at the end of the snow-melting period. To be of any use to those who want the water it would have to be drawn off *during the growing season.* This obviously is in the summer, and consequently the result of such operations is that, instead of presenting to the eyes of the tourists "a beautiful lake," there is actually presented a marsh-bordered pond.

A concrete example exists directly south of the Yellowstone National Park in Jackson Lake, once one of the most beautiful bodies of water in America. It has been "beautified" by a dam, and photographs were exhibited on May 25 at a hearing held by the Committee on Rules of the Federal House of Representatives upon Mr. Addison Smith's proposition to repeat the performance. It was testified by an investigator of unquestioned ability and integrity, Mr. William C. Gregg, who annually penetrates the usually unvisited portions of the National parks, that he could not get within a half-mile of the actual remainder of Jackson Lake, and the pictures showed absolute desolation as well as deterrent ugliness.

I will send you a photograph of a part of the administration map of the Yellowstone National Park as made by the United States Geological Survey, on which have been drawn by the Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park lines to show what will happen if the Yellowstone Lake is treated as an irrigation reservoir. The data he submits indicate that 9,000 acres will be submerged, including 4,350 acres on which are 18,000,000 board feet of timber. Also large improvement expenditures of the Government, including three and a third miles of roads and bridges, and the like, will be destroyed. Three beautiful islands will be submerged, and the famous approach points familiar to all tourists would also be destroyed.

More than this, if the proposed dam is erected and the level of the lake raised, exactly the same situation must come about as that which now exists at Jackson Lake. To be of any use the water must be drawn down in the early growing season, and thus at the time when the people of the Nation, who actually own the Yellowstone National Park, go to visit it this, one of the most wonderfully spectacular lakes in the world, will be only a marsh-bordered pond, the beauty remaining being that of the distant sky-line only.

There is, I think, no middle ground. The situation is not parallel with that of the Hetch-Hetchy, where, though this wonderful valley has been withdrawn from the ownership of all the people to benefit eventually the people of the city of San Francisco, that withdrawal does not decrease the beauty or desirability of the Yosemite Valley. Nor is the situation parallel with Niagara, where, though twenty-seven per cent of the glory of the Falls has been diverted into wheel-pits, and attempts are now being made to increase the amount to forty per cent, there still remains an impressive spectacle and the approaches have not been made ugly beyond the conditions existing when the effort to save the Falls began, though they have undoubtedly been made artificial instead of natural.

In the case of the Yellowstone National Park the question must be decided as to whether or not it is to be a National park or a private irrigation reservoir maintained for the benefit of the comparatively few farmers to the east and the north and the south. These farmers are organized into corporations to operate for their private advantage and profit. That the result of their destruction of the value of property once presumably set aside forever for the public benefit will be anything more than an incidental increase in farm products cannot be established. That their claims and desires are as wholly selfish as that of any others who would take the public property for private benefit is also obvious. Intimate study of the situation seems to indicate that there is enough water to irrigate the land in question without recourse to the Yellowstone Lake and the Yellowstone National Park, but it will cost more money if these men must pay, as other irrigation farmers now pay, for developing their own sources of water. They desire, to put it plainly, to profit at the public expense, and are entitled to no more privileges or no more consideration for that desire than are any other business men who desire to profit at the public expense.

Mr. George H. Lorimer, editor of the "Saturday Evening Post," is now in the Yellowstone National Park investigating this situation. Mr. Gregg, of whom I have before written, has organized an expedition to get further connection with the situation. Meanwhile, the newspapers in the vicinity of the Yellowstone Park are sneering at the "æsthetic beauty lovers" who they find are standing in the way of the desire of their farmer subscribers to profit privately at the public expense.

Let us make the issue plain. It is either completely to give up the Yellowstone as a spectacle or completely to retain it as a spectacle. It cannot be handled on a compromise basis and still have it worth while as a park. Colonel Henry S. Graves, until recently Forester of the United States, is on record as believing that it ought not to be interfered with, and that if the Yellowstone is to be used for irrigation purposes it ought to be returned to the National Forest domain, to be administered as are other available parks of the National Forests now in use as water-gathering places for the profit of private business men who are farmers.

J. Horace McFarland,
President of the American
Civic Association.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

THE METHODIST CONFERENCE

In The Outlook for June 9 you refer to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held during the month of May at Des Moines, and say, "Two outstanding features marked the Methodist meeting," and go on to say that these features were the address by Henry P. Davison and the action of the Conference in refusing to lift the ban on dancing, games of chance, etc. In addition, I will mention several things of importance done:

1. A masterly address read by one of the senior bishops.
2. The indorsement by the Conference of the earnest desire of the Church for union with the Church South and instituting the means whereby it can be brought about.
3. The election of two colored bishops.
4. The authority given to license women as local preachers and the appointment of a commission to consider and report as to the desirability of giving ordination to women as ministers in the Church. This step will undoubtedly be taken at the next General Conference, four years from now. This is a matter that is destined to affect profoundly the future of the Church.
5. The removal of the limit of six years from the district superintendency.
6. A great step forward in that the Conference elected fourteen new bishops, some of whom are to have residence in lands other than our own.

(Rev.) Olin F. Mattison.

Evanston, Illinois.

THE GRAVE OF JANE McCREA

On page 400 of The Outlook of June 23 I note that you made a partial correction of the misinformation disseminated by the Associated Press May 30, namely, that "Major-General Townshend would take part in the reburial of Major Duncan Campbell at Fort Ticonderoga in the lot of Jane McCrea Murdock."

The information was correctly telegraphed from Glens Falls that Major-General Townshend, who was spending the week-end at Fort Ticonderoga, would stop over Memorial Day on his way to New York and take part in the removal of the remains of Major Duncan Campbell from the Gilchrist lot to the Jane McCrea inclosure in the Union Cemetery between Hudson Falls (formerly Sandy Hill) and Fort Edward. The reporter might be forgiven for condensing a week-end visit and a reburial and concluding that Fort Ticonderoga would cover enough of the facts to pass muster; but why add Murdock to the name of a maiden who has already had more than her share of mistreatment?

I am pleased to see that you corrected the error and gave a brief account of Jane McCrea. It might be of interest to your readers to know that the Major Duncan Campbell mentioned was the Campbell of Inverawe whose death at Ticonderoga was foretold by a ghost (see Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe," Appendix G, Stevenson's poem "Ticonderoga," etc.). He was major in the old Black Watch, was wounded at Ticonderoga, July 8, 1758, and died at Fort Edward nine days later.

Frederick B. Richards,
Secretary New York State
Historical Association.

Glens Falls, New York.

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STOCKS OR BONDS

A READER of this department wrote us recently: "You recommend bonds and say little about good stocks. I presume stocks carry more risk of course than bonds; but does not the chance for greater profit follow stock buying? I think there must be lots of other people who would be interested in an article discussing this point." As a matter of fact, this point has been discussed, or at least mentioned, several times in the financial articles appearing on these pages during the last few months. And in every case we have agreed with our correspondent that stocks involve more risk than bonds; also that the chances for profit are greater. It may not be amiss, however, to touch a little more in detail on the characteristics of these two kinds of securities.

Stocks yield more than bonds. They yield more, for one reason, because they are not as safe, and the factor of safety is a most important one in determining the price of a security. Its price of course determines its yield. For instance, if two stocks which both pay $6 a share a year in dividends are selling at 90 and 100, respectively, obviously the man who buys the $90 stock gets a larger return on his money than the man who buys at par.

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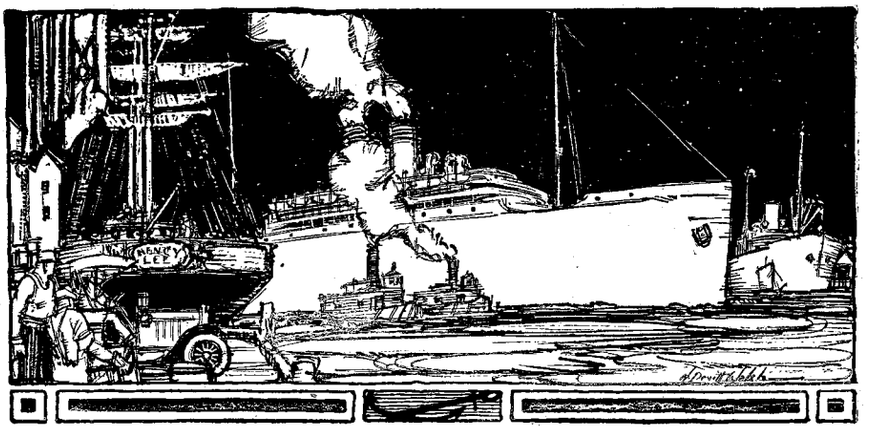
nite and fully described property to the payment of the bonds upon maturity. A bondholder is to all intents and purposes a mortgagee, a man who has loaned money on property. His loan is secured by this property, and if his interest and principal are not paid he can foreclose, have the property sold, and collect his money. A bond is really a participation in a big mortgage. On a private dwelling it is usually possible to borrow from one person or one bank all the money that is required. When a railway or industrial concern wants to mortgage its property and borrow from one to one hundred millions, it is out of the question to expect to get it from an individual. The mortgage is therefore split up into small pieces and the money borrowed from a large number of people in amounts varying with their financial means. A mortgage covering property worth more than the value of the outstanding bonds is made and filed, usually with a trust company, in which the title to the property is vested. It is the province of the trust company to see that the bondholders' rights are protected. The first thing to find out about a bond is whether or not the property securing it is valuable enough to cover all the bonds issued. If this is the case, a bondholder need not worry even if the company should fail; true, he would suffer the temporary inconvenience of loss of interest, but he should eventually get back all the money he had invested. Not so with a stockholder. He puts his money into a concern and becomes one of its owners. If the company does well, he prospers; but if business is bad, he suffers loss. And before any profits can come to him interest must be paid on the company's obligations—its bonds and notes. The total amount of these obligations plays a big part in determining how much of the company's earnings must be paid out in interest and what balance will be left for the stock. If a corporation, for instance, has $10,000,000 of 6 per cent bonds outstanding, it must pay out $600,000 a year in interest on them. Suppose there is also outstanding $10,000,000 of stock and earnings in a given year amounted to $700,000. After interest charges there would be left for the stock only $100,000, or one per cent. Under such conditions it is easy to see that the stock would have little value. The value of a bond is affected by earnings of course. If the earnings of a company have averaged, say, three times its interest charges over a period of years, the bonds of this company are rated higher than those of a company whose earnings have been barely sufficient to pay its interest. Bonds are not so dependent upon earnings as stocks are, however. As earnings fluctuate, so do the prices of stocks, and for this reason they are speculative. Bonds are not so prone to go up or down, because the value of the property securing them remains practically constant, and the security for a bond is, after all, the most important thing to be considered.

There are all kinds of bonds, and of varying worth. The first-mortgage bond of a company is more valuable than the second-mortgage bond, the second-mortgage bond more valuable than the debentures. Some bonds are secured by real estate, some by buildings and machinery, some by the pledge of other bonds or stocks, and often by all these things. All bonds are different, and each issue should be studied individually to ascertain its value. And just as bonds are a prior obligation to stocks, so



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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(*Continued*)

preferred stocks rank ahead of common. Preferred stocks, as a rule, are "preferred as to dividends and assets." In other words, money available for dividends must be distributed among the holders of the preferred stock before any payment can be made on the common. In case a corporation is dissolved, the preferred stock has a claim on the assets prior to that of the common. The dividend rate on preferred stocks usually is fixed—five, six, seven per cent, or whatever the case may be. This means that, while the preferred stock has first claim on earnings available for dividends, it will never receive more than the fixed rate. The rate on the common is determined by earnings, and if earnings are large the common stockholders reap the benefit, just as they must bear the loss if earnings are low. In some cases where a company's earnings are large and promise to remain so the common-stock dividends may greatly exceed those paid on the preferred. So it might happen that the selling price of the common stock would be much higher than that of the preferred. A case in point is the Standard Oil Company, of New Jersey.

The conclusion would seem to be that from the standpoint of safety a comparison of stocks and bonds is all in favor of the latter. It is for this reason that in these articles bonds have been recommended as investments more frequently than stocks.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

Our belief is that safety is the most important characteristic of an investment, and that safety is perhaps a more important consideration now than is usually the case; particularly when it seems possible to combine it with a most satisfactory yield. But if a man wants a higher yield than can be got from bonds he will naturally consider the purchase of stocks. Nor can it be denied that there are stocks to be had, preferred stocks particularly, which do look attractive. Further, aside from the inducement of high yield, stocks are free of the normal income tax, which is an advantage to the small investor, and increases the net yield of his investment. Also, there is a good market for high-grade preferred stocks, and this is something to be taken into account always. The one thing to be sure of is that you know what you are buying; a security which on the face of things looks a bargain may turn out to be a very costly purchase.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Please give me the number of outstanding shares of Delaware and Hudson, the highest and lowest prices at which it has sold in the past twenty years and the capitalization a mile.

A. The highest price at which Delaware and Hudson stock has sold in the last twenty years was 258 in 1901; the lowest, 86 in 1920. There are outstanding 425,030 shares at the rate of $21,657 a mile, and the funded debt is $33,635 a mile, making the total capitalization $55,292 a mile.

Q. Can you tell me what has happened to the Ohio Cities Gas Company? I do not see this stock quoted any more.

A. The name of this company has been changed. It is now the Pure Oil Company.

Q. Please give me some information about the Texas Company 7 per cent Sinking Fund Gold Notes due March 1, 1923. What is their yield at present prices?

A. There are $35,000,000 of these notes authorized and outstanding. They are callable as a whole or by lot in amounts of not less than $5,000,000 at 101 and interest at any time on thirty days' notice. They are the direct obligation of the company and are its only funded debt except for various other obligations totaling $4,200,000. Net earnings for the year ended December 31, 1919, are reported as over ten and one-half times the annual interest on this issue, and earnings have averaged over nine and one-half times the interest the past four and one-half years. There is a semi-annual sinking fund of $2,500,000, beginning September 1, 1920, to buy the notes in at a price not to exceed par and interest. Capital stock outstanding is $130,000,000, and dividends are being paid at the rate of 12 per cent a year. At their present price these notes yield about 8 per cent. Interest is payable semi-annually, March 1 and September 1.

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Capital and Surplus - - - - $50,000,000
Resources more than - - - $800,000,000

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THE
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF BOSTON

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Deposits - - - 185,000,000

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Make it your New England
Correspondent

YOUR WANTS

in every line of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the classified columns of The Outlook. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address

Department of Classified Advertising, THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

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Made of highest grade pure hog bristles-stiff and elastic; velvet-like ends.
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To Readers of
The Outlook

The Outlook is anxious to secure for republication the most representative cartoons. We want the cartoons which appeal to our readers as vital expressions of popular movements and public opinion. Won't you help us in our effort to secure such cartoons by cutting out the strongest drawings of cartoonists in your local papers and pasting one of the attached coupons on the back of each clipping? Then send your selection to the Cartoon Editor of The Outlook.

The Outlook is equally anxious to secure unusual news photographs; photographs which cannot be secured from the commercial photographers. If you have any photographs of local objects or events which appeal to you as of more than local interest, we hope you, as a friend and reader of The Outlook, will send them along to the Photograph Editor of The Outlook. Fill out and attach a coupon to the back of each photograph you desire to submit.

As an experiment we propose publishing these photograph and cartoon coupons in successive issues of The Outlook for a period of some weeks. No cartoons or photographs will be considered which are sent to us otherwise than in accordance with this notice. We are forced to make this a rigid rule as only by this method can we assure to our readers and friends that their photographs will be properly cared for and their cartoons given attention in the order of their arrival. We will pay for such cartoons and photographs as we use in accordance with the agreements printed on the coupons.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK,
381 Fourth Ave., New York City

To the Cartoon Editor of The Outlook:

The attached cartoon is clipped from the ..... of the following date ..... If it is the first clipping of this cartoon to reach The Outlook and is considered worthy of republication, I will accept One Dollar as payment in full for my service in bringing this cartoon to the attention of The Outlook. I agree that if it does not meet the above conditions this cartoon will not be returned nor will its receipt be acknowledged.

Name.....

Address.....

To the Photograph Editor of The Outlook:

The attached photograph is the property of the undersigned and is submitted for publication in The Outlook. Postage is enclosed for its return if unavailable. It is my understanding that The Outlook agrees to pay $3 for this photograph if reproduced as a half-page cut, or smaller, and $5 if reproduced in larger size than a half page. Enclosed herewith is a brief account of the object or event depicted in the attached photograph, which The Outlook is at liberty to use as it sees fit. My name and address are as follows:

Name.....

Address.....

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THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT HELPS PARENTS

Our attention has been called to a bulletin issued by the United States Bureau of Education for the guidance of parents. It is called "Training Little Children," and is known as Bulletin 1919 No. 39. The articles which it contains were collected by the National Kindergarten Association of New York, largely from mothers who were formerly kindergarten teachers. They were originally issued to the press of the country, and papers and magazines having a combined circulation of over fifty millions printed them.

A number of large magazines which had no room for the articles stated that they could be obtained from the National Kindergarten Association upon request, and twenty-six thousand mothers asked for them. A large proportion of these women lived in out-of-the-way places, and wrote touching appeals for the help offered. A mother of four said: "My children have me nearly distracted. Send your articles, and send them quick. If there is any charge I will gladly pay it." A widower in Canada wrote, "The training of my four children puzzles me."

In the following letter from the great Northwest the mother expresses heartfelt appreciation for the articles and a deep interest in all the little children of her community:

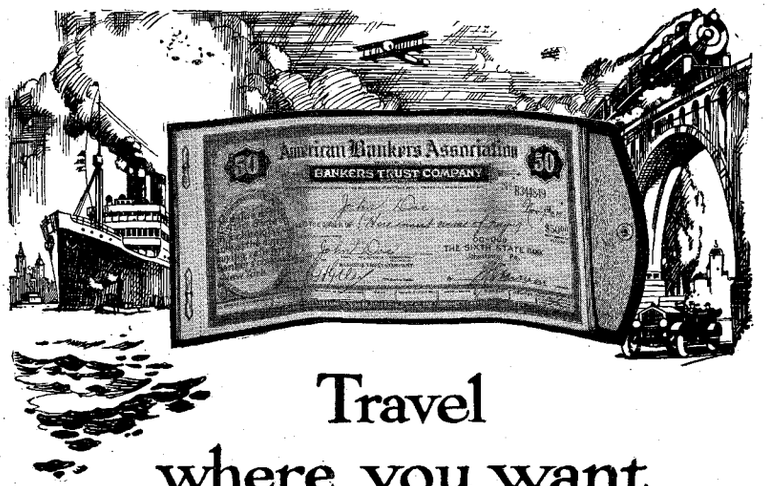
> I received the book and thank you very much for it, we all like it just fine. I gave one of the little papers to the Doctor here to give to one of his patience and a fiew days later he ask me if I could get more of them, he said it was wonderful what the one little paper was doing for the lady he gave it to she is the mother of seventeen children, he told her to pass it on to others when she had read it but she is unwilling to give it up. School is closed here now on account of the influenza and because of this I have wone over three mothers in helping their children and I hope to do even more than this. One mother said she dident know how, but after I explained (or lectured as my husband sais) she admitted it was really eaisy, this was a week ago and just doing fine. I am going to try to get the book of Frobell's Motherplay, I have a large house and a large yard also, and I am planning on giving two days of each week of my time this summer in playing with the children of the town and comunity. The Doctor and his wife and Drugest and his wife are willing to help me all they can altho they have no children I hope by next faul we will have a kindergarten.

The letters received from the editors of newspapers proved that the articles were meeting a great need through the press, and therefore the National Kindergarten Association has been continuing this weekly service for three years.

Few parents have received special training for the duties and obligations of parenthood, and most of them encounter many difficult problems which they cannot solve satisfactorily without help. The expert advice contained in the articles was commended in a recent letter from a State Superintendent of Public Instruction, who wrote:

> It is one of the most helpful pamphlets that has been issued from the Education Department. It seems a pity that a pamphlet like this should not be spread broadcast and placed in the hands of those people who would profit by this teaching.

We take pleasure in commending to our readers the bulletin "Training Little Children," which may be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. The price is fifteen cents.



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"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

Orders and copy for Classified Advertisements must be received with remittance ten days before the date of issue when it is intended the advertisement shall first appear.

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Are you interested in it?

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506 Fifth Ave., New York. Vanderbilt 5348

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New Milford, Litchfield Co., Conn.

In the foothills of the Berkshires. Open all the year. An ideal place for your summer's rest. 2 hours from New York. Write for booklet. Mrs. J. E. CASTLE, Proprietor.

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Bed and breakfast 6/6, dinner 3/-.

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If You Are Tired or Need a Change

you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than

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It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

THE LESLIE

A quiet, cosy little house by the sea.

Private baths. Descriptive booklet.

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At the Western End of the Mohawk Trail

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"Williamstown the Village Beautiful"

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Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.

Rates with Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $3.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

NEW YORK

FENTON HOUSE Adirondacks 18 Cottages

Altitude 1,571 ft. A noted place for health and rest. Write for folder and particulars. C. FENTON PARKER, Number Four, N. Y.

Country Board

Mrs. Louise Child opened her home, situated near **Roseland Park**, for summer guests. Pleasant rooms and good board. Information, write to Mrs. LOUISE CHILD, Woodstock Hall, Conn.

Health Resorts

LINDEN Doylestown, Pa. The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well. An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

Dr. Vail's Sanatorium An exclusive resort in the beautiful Connecticut Valley. Massage, electricity, and baths. Golf and tennis. 3 resident physicians. Under successful management for 30 years. E. S. VAIL, M.D., Thompsonville, Ct.

The Bethesda White Plains, N. Y. A private sanitarium for invalids and aged who need care. Ideal surroundings. Address for terms Alice Gates Bugbee, M.D. Tel. 241.

THE GARDENS GREENWICH, CONN. A quiet, refined, *beautiful home* for *elderly people, rheumatics, stomach* troubles, etc. Electricity, radium baths. F. St. C. HITCHCOCK, M.D., Prop.

Real Estate

MAINE

FOR SALE

A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY HOME

On Lake Sebago, Maine

Fine view of lake and mountains. House has bathrooms, fireplaces, porches, garage, barn, orchards, woods and sup't's house. Inquire Dr. Owen Smith, 690 Congress St., Portland, Me.

Real Estate

FLORIDA

FOR SALE Ten Acres of Unimproved Land, near Ocala, Florida. Price $500. Address Mrs. H. R. TAYLOR, Pac. Press, Mt. View, Calif.

MASSACHUSETTS

Are You Coming to Boston for the Coming School Year?

Called away for a year, the owner will rent her beautifully located furnished home on Corey Hill in Brookline (15 minutes from the heart of Boston) from September till June 1, 1921. Full particulars and photos upon application. Best references given and required. Address Mrs. FLETCHER-COPP, 31 York Terrace, Corey Hill, Brookline, Mass.

NORTH DAKOTA

The Triangle Bar Ranch Must Be Sold at a Bargain to Settle an Estate

This fine sheltered summer and winter range is located in western North Dakota on the Little Missouri River, near the famous Maltese Cross Ranch (formerly owned by the late Theodore Roosevelt. The Triangle Bar Ranch is ideal in location, has good buildings and corrals, an abundance of coal, unlimited supply of water, is all fenced and stocked with pure bred Hereford cattle. Complete information gladly furnished. Minneapolis Trust Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

NEW YORK

Central Valley, N. Y.

FOR SALE

Modern house, 7 bedrooms, 3 baths, 6 fireplaces. Living-room 50x29. Garage for 5 cars. On a hill surrounded by fine private estates. Commuting distance. Price $25,000.

A. SPAULDING, Highland Mills, N. Y.

A FINE HOUSE

Perfect condition. 11 rooms, 4 closets, high ceilings, steam heated, electric light, water, two story, large woodshed. Lot 125 x 200.

In Beautiful DELHI, Del. Co., N. Y.

Churches, schools, ideal town, county seat. To close estate will sell for $7,000.

G. W. CARTER, 675 Madison Ave., New York.

FOR THE HOME

HEMSTITCHING and picoting attachment, works on any and all machines; simple and easy to work. You can now make the nice things in your own home that you had to hire made or go without. Sure to please. Price $2.50. Gem Novelty Co., Corpus Christi, Texas, Box 1031.

WILD strawberry jam. Supply limited. Alma Hibbard, Gansevoort, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS

STORIES, poems, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 325, Hannibal, Mo.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WRITE photoplays: $25–$300 paid anyone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary; complete outline free. Producers League, 438, St. Louis.

RAILWAY traffic inspectors earn from $110 to $200 per month and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. We train you. Positions furnished under guarantee. Write for booklet CM27. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

DIETITIANS, superintendents, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers. Miss Richards, Providence, East Side Box 5. Boston, Fridays, 11 to 1, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court. Address Providence.

WANTED—Dietitian for large State hospital in Rocky Mountain region. One with institutional experience preferred. Good salary paid with full maintenance. Give full particulars as to education, experience, and personal qualifications in first letter. Enclose photo if possible. 8,650, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WOMAN, capable, educated, to assist mother, teacher, with light housework and care of young children. Pleasant home. Good salary. Box 102, Silvermine, Norwalk, Conn.

WANTED—Young woman of refinement to care for three little children. Give references with reply. Mrs. John Petty, Hotel Conewago, Mt. Gretna, Pa.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency. Albany, N. Y.

WANTED, in girls' boarding school, teacher for English; also one for Latin with some mathematics. Must be college graduate. Send photograph, references, and all necessary information with first letter. State church connection. 8,647, Outlook.

EXTRAORDINARY demand for teachers continues! If available for any kind of educational position anywhere in this country or abroad write Ernest Olp, Steger Building, Chicago.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

POSITION wanted as superintendent of nurses in private hospital for mental diseases. Mental and general training and experience. Registered in Pennsylvania. 8,625, Outlook.

GRADUATE occupational therapist wishes position in private hospital or sanitarium. Experienced with mental and nervous patients. 8,626, Outlook.

Business Situations

RESPONSIBLE position connected with young educational undertaking, preferably country. Applicant is young; has lived pioneer life, has done public speaking, money raising, office organization; is trained secretary and understands accounts. Open for offers October 1. Salary to start $2,400 or equivalent. 8,655, Outlook.

CANADIAN girl, war ambulance driver, desires position as chauffeur. Touring preferred. References. 8,664, Outlook.

CHAUFFEUR.—American, married man, no children, thoroughly competent and reliable, desires out of town position with elderly settled couple, or as head chauffeur. Fifteen years' experience. Best references. 8,659, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WIDOW, unencumbered, as traveling companion. 8,663, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED domestic science graduate wishes position in school, club, or small hotel. References exchanged. 8,657, Outlook.

WOMAN of refinement and position, 35 years old, Protestant, wishes employment as resident social secretary or companion in New York City. No stenography or bookkeeping but life-long social experience; can handle correspondence, reads aloud well, good shopper, adaptable; available October 1. Excellent references. 8,658, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TUTOR or governess for children 6-14 years. Teachers College graduate, successful teaching experience. Permanent position desired. References given. 36 Virginia, Rochester, N. Y.

EXPERIENCED, efficient teacher, cultured American, Protestant, offers thorough physical and mental training. Music, French, Latin, nature study, dietetics. Best references. State salary. 8,662, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl desires tutoring in private family during August and September. Maude Milbank, Freehold, N. J.

COLLEGE gentlewoman, 45, desires teaching, clerical, or secretarial position. Brookhurst, Hopewell Junction, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

FOR adoption—Bright, healthy, attractive girl, 10½ years old, of gentle birth. 8,661, Outlook.

GUARDIAN or parent.—Philadelphia clergyman, married, with own boy of 10, desires oversight of boy 10 to 13 years old. Excellent school to attend and good home. Strict references required and given. Fine opportunity for the right boy. 8,656, Outlook.

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BY THE WAY

There is plenty of dramatic material in the news telegrams. One such item begins: "A white man's judge is to be sent 2,000 miles into Hudson Bay territory to impress upon the Eskimos the relentless justice of the white man's law." It seems that not only the judge is to make the journey, but the criminal, Ouangwak, an Eskimo who killed a man, and also the sergeant of the Royal Canadian mounted police who tracked the criminal down.

How many even of old New Yorkers know just why the lower part of the Hudson is called the North River. The New York Sun and Herald" says: "North River is the historic name of the lower course of the river which flows between Manhattan and the Jerseys. It was north of the Dutch settlements in New Jersey, just as the Delaware was south, and the two rivers were known to them as the North River and the South River, respectively." And the "Sun and Herald" comments: "This persistence of the alternate names of the river is one of the local idiosyncrasies of this big town, which is such a curious mixture of oldness and newness, of the ripe fruit and the raw material."

A correspondent from Portland, Oregon, says, apropos of a recent "By the Way" item about a party of two who made the transcontinental trip in an automobile for under $200: "The writer and three other young men, all students at Princeton University, traveled from Portland, Oregon, to Princeton, New Jersey, last September in twenty days. The trip was made in a Ford touring car of the vintage of 1913. The total cost of the trip, including the purchase of two new tires and two new tubes, was $197.70. This covered gasoline, oil, all repairs, bridge and ferry tolls, the tires mentioned above, some new accessories (such as shock absorbers), and food for the party. The total amount expended for food was $8.64. We believe this to be a record. By living on 'fruit and friends all the way,' with a good dinner at a friend's house every few days, and plenty of peaches, apples, plums, cherries, tomatoes, and other vegetables 'borrowed' from farms along the way, the H. C. L. can be cut to a minimum."

From "Karikaturen," Christiania, Norway:

The Victor—"Yus, she said I was no lady, but I gave her a lick that made her change her mind, I'll bet!"

From "Tyrihans," Christiania, Norway:

"A grumpy official examined intending emigrants. He put always the most curt, inquisitive, and unnecessary questions.

"One poor fellow answers as best he can.

"'Many children?'

"'Five.'

"'Age and sex?'

"'Boys. The oldest twelve and the youngest three years old.'

"'Married, single, widower, or separated from wife?'

"'None of them yet have had any matrimonial troubles, but the oldest is considering a separation.'

"Explosion. Applicant receives no more questions."

From an ironical want advertisement for rooms, actually printed and sent to us in clipping form, we extract some sentences: "Our color is white and our child is neither mentally or physically defective; cries at times and is not very destructive. If you have what we desire and object to children, we might put ours in an orphanage to please you. Dyspeptics and chronic cranks please do not answer."

A curious comment on the complex devotion of a typical Englishman of the old school, Lord Althorp, to sport and to the memory of an idolized wife is found in Trevelyan's recent biography of Lord Grey:

> Althorp had given up fox-hunting once and forever on his wife's death in 1818, because it seemed to him wrong to be as happy as he always must be following the hounds over hill and dale, while she was lying cold in the grave. Her death, though it prevented him from being the happiest man in England, made him one of the most useful, checking the strain of manly self-indulgence in the sportsman and giving his best energies to the public.

Among the queer questions that one finds in the Sunday editions of the daily papers, in the Question Departments which some of them publish, this is one of the oddest: "If I could get the date of a murder that was committed in Williamsburg when I was a year old, I could ascertain my age. . . . Can you tell me the date and the street where this crime occurred?" The writer does not say that the crime made an impression on his memory at the age of one, or in what way he means to link up the event with his age. The painstaking editor looked up the police records but failed to find data that would help his inquiring reader.

A floating newspaper item says: A. S. Barron, a rancher near San Mateo, California, recently lost three bales of hay, and a neighbor of his, Henry Bissig, lost a three-hundred-pound calf. Barron found this notice nailed on his barn door: "We stole three bales of hay from your ranch, and, finding we had no use for it, we stole a calf from Bissig to eat it."

The story is told that an English barrister, arguing before the Criminal Court, remarked with much solemnity to the presiding justice; "My lord, there is honor among thieves." The justice looked at him severely. "There is gold in sea water," he replied, "but it can't be extracted in profitable quantities. Go on, sir."

Rivers, says a paragraphist, had come home and was stumbling over things in the dark hallway. "What are you growling about, dear?" called Mrs. Rivers from the floor above. "I am growling," he answered in his deepest bass voice, "to drown the barking of my shins."

From "Windsor:"

"I don't approve of this reckless expenditure, Mabel. You should save your pennies—the price of things is going up."

"Then what's the good of keeping them, auntie? The longer I save them the less I can buy."

The horse still has his place in the life of New York City—namely, as the poor man's friend, for the fine turnouts of the last generation are practically extinct. Even within the last two years the number of horses has largely decreased. In 1917 there were 108,036 horses and over 10,000 stables in the city. At the end of 1919 the number of horses was only about 75,000 and the number of stables about 8,000. The number of motor vehicles in the city at present is about 246,000.

The Outlook

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Vol. 125 July 28, 1920 No. 13

THE OUTLOOK IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. N. T. PULSIFER, VICE-PRESIDENT. FRANK C. HOYT, TREASURER. ERNEST H. ABBOTT, SECRETARY. TRAVERS D. CARMAN, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

The Democrats and the League of Nations 551
The First Meeting of the League Assembly 551
Team-Work as an Issue 551
Three Men Who Did Not Bolt 552
The Forty-eighters and the Fifty-seven Varieties 552
The Outcome at Spa 553
Germany's Coal and Iron King 553
Japanese Public Opinion 553
The Railway Wage Award 554
Political Wisdom Worth Every Bit of Four Dollars and Thirty-seven Cents. 554
Cartoons of the Week 555
The Yacht Race and the World of Sport 556
The "Old Man" is Dead 557
The Late Frank Trumbull 557
The Dream of a Shirt-Tail Boy Comes True 557
The Founding of the Hindman Settlement School 558
Co-operation Among New York Farmers 558
Constancy is More than Consistency 559
By Lyman Abbott
Mr. Cox and the German-Americans 559
To Speak or Not to Speak 560
Bastile Day 561
The Young-Old Philosopher 561
Salvatore A. Cotillo 562
By Frederick M. Davenport
The Democratic Convention at San Francisco:
I—The Impressions of a Delegate 563
By Salvatore A. Cotillo
II—The Impressions of a Newspaper Correspondent 564
By Willis J. Abbot
Knoll Papers: The Good Old Times 567
By Lyman Abbott
Our Debt to Poland 568
By Maurice Francis Egan
Current Events Illustrated 569
Milking Time 573
By Winifred Kirkland
Human Helpfulness Organized 574
By Guy Emery Shipler
The Book Table:
A Quaker Singer's Recollections 576
Books Received 577
The Yellowstone Park Question 578
The Methodist Conference 578
The Grave of Jane McCrea 578
Financial Department 580
The Federal Government Helps Parents 585
By the Way 587

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THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

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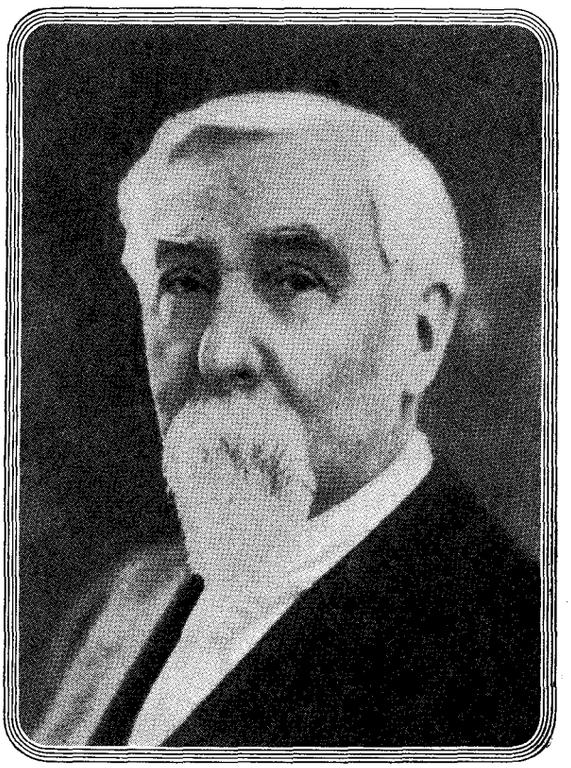
In Anticipation of a Motor Car

Almost 2,000 Distributors and Dealers apply for Sales Franchise, and more than 1,000 individuals place orders for Lincoln Motor Company's new Leland-built car



Henry M. Leland
President Lincoln Motor Company

Wilfred C. Leland
Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr. Lincoln Motor Company

It is doubtful whether any event in motordom has ever created such profound interest as the mere anticipation that a new motor car would be built by the Lelands and their splendid organization.

When, after the armistice was signed, and the Lincoln Motor Company—of which Henry M. Leland and Wilfred C. Leland were the chief executives—was completing its contracts with the government for the production of Liberty Aircraft Motors, it was only natural for the world to assume that these men would re-enter the field as makers of motor cars of the finer sort.

Notwithstanding the Lelands had made no announcement—in fact themselves had not determined upon their future activities—the offices of the Lincoln Motor Company became the Mecca of motor car distributors from all over the world.

These Distributors, most of whom were already handling cars of the better class, insisted upon filing applications for sales franchises and binding them with deposits.

Incidentally, one Distributor tendered a certified check for one million dollars ($1,000,000.00) as a deposit, to evidence his good faith.

From one city there were 61 applications; from another 38; from another 37.

There is scarcely a city of size in America from which there have not been from one to a dozen or more Distributors' applications. From cities in the United States and Canada up to June 1, 1920, the applications totaled 1252.

And from across the seas, from nearly every country in the civilized world, the applications aggregated 123.

Of these, 13 were from England—where the esteem in which Leland standards and Leland ideals are held is second only to the admiration in which those qualities are held in America. 8 were from Cuba; 9 from Argentina; 6 from Australia; 5 each from France and Spain; 4 each from New Zealand, Sweden, Norway and Hawaii. And they came from Russia, China, Japan, Straits Settlements, Union of South Africa, and from the uttermost corners of the earth.

To June 1, 1920, the Distributors' applications had reached the impressive total of 1375, not taking into account hundreds received since that date, nor the hundreds of applications made direct to Distributors by dealers in the smaller cities.

It will be seen therefore that we have been in position to select as our Distributors, the very cream of the trade, and to embark with a field sales organization in every way in keeping with the car itself, with the organization which produces it and with the class of citizenship to whom a car of the Leland-built type must naturally appeal.

And in not one single instance did the Lincoln Motor Company solicit a Distributor.

Nor was this all.

In addition to the Distributors' applications, more than 1,000 individuals have placed orders with deposits, despite the fact that the Lincoln Motor Company had made no announcement concerning the details of its car, and, too, despite the fact that the Company had not encouraged advance orders. There are also, in the hands of Distributors, hundreds of orders of which the factory has not been advised in detail.

Imagine, if you can, the attitude of these Distributors, who, solely through their faith in the Lelands, deliberately obligate themselves to merchandise millions of dollars worth of motor cars.

Imagine the attitude of these clear-headed business men, representing the best citizenship of the land who, with confidence in Leland ideals and standards as their sole incentive, coolly affix their signatures and place deposits, in order that they may be among the early ones to possess the new Leland-built cars—cars of whose price and details their knowledge was nil.

No matter whether it was to have one cylinder or ten; no matter whether its price was to be six hundred or six thousand dollars, these seemed to be of secondary importance.

But they knew the history of the men; they knew their records. They knew the Leland traits; they knew the Leland traditions—never to retrograde, never even to pause; they knew that the Leland vision was always forward.

So of one thing they were supremely satisfied. They were sure that if the Lelands built a car, it would be a car such as the Lelands know how to build; plus Leland progressiveness; plus what might logically be expected of Leland determination and Leland ability to achieve—and to surpass.

LINCOLN MOTOR CO., DETROIT, MICH.

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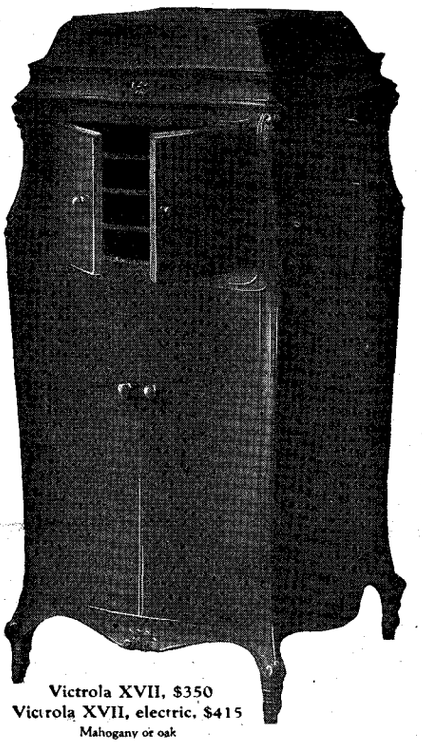
It is worth your while to know the truth

The Trademark VICTROLA was originated by the Victor Talking Machine Company. It is applied to our various products—Instruments, Records, Styli, etc.—and seeing it on any Talking Machine, Record or accessory you may know that the article is genuine and was manufactured by this Company.

Every talking machine dealer knows this, and you may assume that if you ask a dealer for VICTROLA products and he hands you something not manufactured by the Victor Talking Machine Company, he is attempting to deceive you and is not giving you what you want or the service you are entitled to.

Remember the Trademark VICTROLA cannot be properly or honestly used as referring to goods not manufactured by us.



Victrola XVII, $350
Victrola XVII, electric, $415
Mahogany or oak

This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO
Camden N J.

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Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, New Jersey

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